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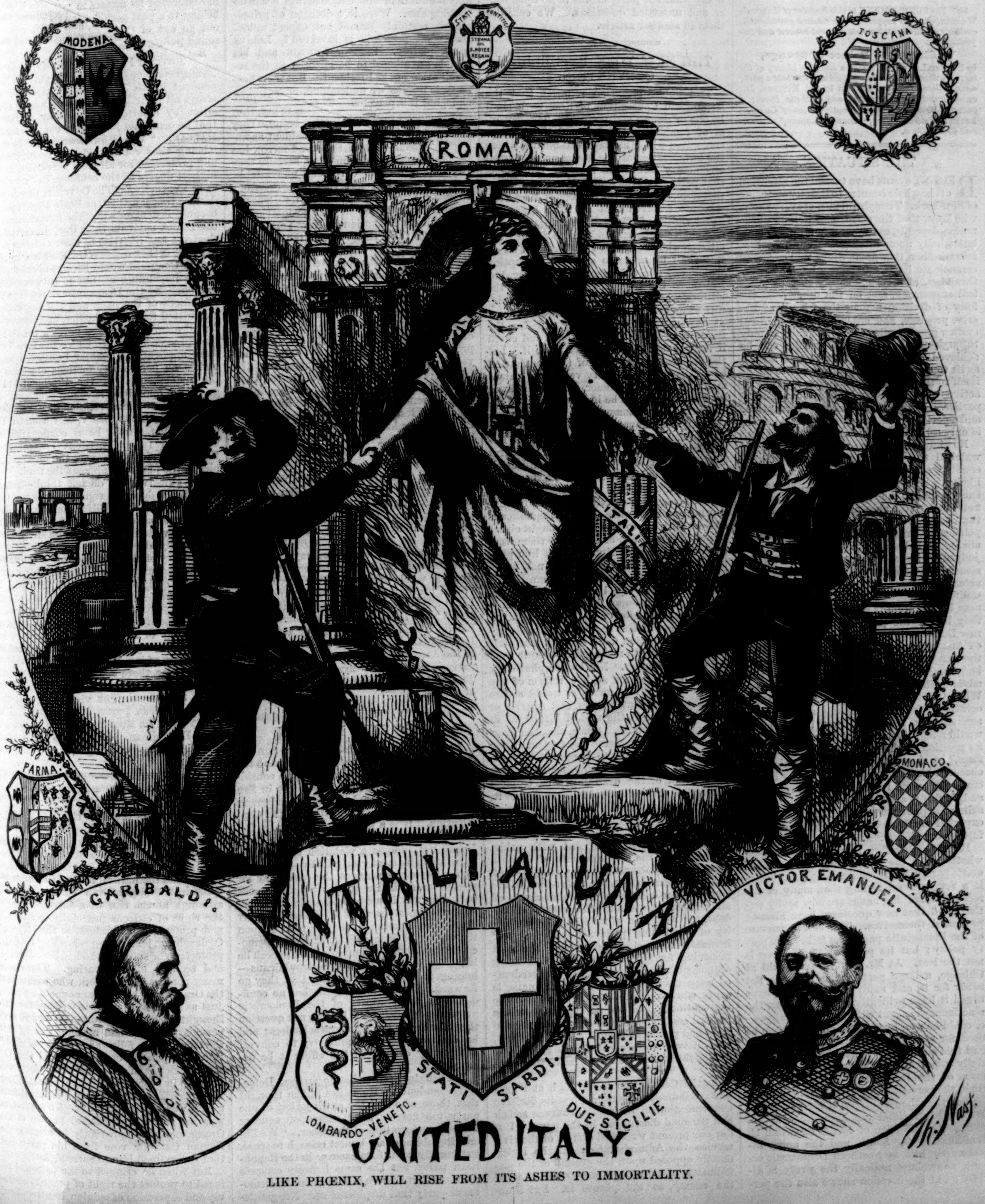
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UNITED ITALY.

LIKE PHŒNIX, WILL RISE FROM ITS ASHES TO IMMORTALITY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1871.

FOUR MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

a new and beautifully illustrated serial story, by

WILKIE COLLINS,

author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," etc., was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 2.

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☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *which is supplied to our readers gratuitously, contains an illustrated article of great interest and importance on*

William III., Prince of Orange,

by EUGENE LAWRENCE, *giving a complete history of the thrilling drama in which he played so important a part; a magnificent full-page Cartoon by* SOL EYTINGE, JR., *accompanied by a beautiful and pathetic Poem; a pleasant Love-Story; and the continuation of* CHARLES LEVER'S *admirable story,* "LORD KILGOBBIN," *with several illustrations.*

THE SITUATION.

RECENT events have turned the attention of the whole country to the city and State of New York. Thoughtful men of every party, who know that the permanent welfare of the nation depends, not upon any form or name, but wholly upon intelligence and morality, ask whether this great State will not now emancipate itself, on the one hand from the thralldom of a conspicuously corrupt political supremacy, and on the other from the folly of division among the friends of liberty, progress, and order. In our political system great results are to be achieved only through parties, but great results can be achieved by no party that is not always swift to correct its own abuses and to adapt itself to the constantly changing issues of an active time. Timidity is always the bane of parties. With cowardice comes corruption, and a party content to repose upon its laurels is only self-crowned for sacrifice.

No impartial man who has carefully watched the politics and parties of this country can suppose that its progress is likely to be secured by Democratic ascendency. And for the reason, not that there are not honest and able and patriotic men in that party, but because its traditions and policies and arguments have been so demoralizing and destructive. A party must be judged by its evident tendency. Its professions are to be measured by its general character and history. When the Republicans in California profess hostility to the free Chinese immigration it is instinctively felt that they betray the party principle. When a raw Democratic recruit like Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS advises a new departure, and that the party begin by being Democratic, every body smiles at the zeal of the neophyte who advises the pope to renounce orthodoxy. When Chief Justice CHASE remodels a Democratic resolution hesitatingly accepting the amendments, and says that if the party would adopt them as final "it would resume its position as the party of progress and reform," he shows only that his ambition has obscured his perception. For if the Democratic party has reached merely a reluctant and doubtful acquiescence in the great results of Republican principles, how can it be expected to advance those principles to still further beneficent results?

It makes, therefore, all possible difference whether it is the Republican or the Democratic party which promises progress. There is a very general feeling that many of the recently absorbing issues are now really settled; and that new questions have already presented themselves. The new departure of the Democratic party has failed as a party policy; but its political significance is not the less. As Mr. SCHURZ truly said at Chicago, a large part of the party is not ready for it, and many of those who have urged it have evidently done so to coax the reactionary element with the hope that power could be won by assent, and could then be used for reaction. But the movement has had this advantage: it has shown the essentially unpatriotic attitude still held by the mass of the Democracy, and, at the same time, the perception of some of its shrewder leaders that the good sense of the people has irreversibly ratified the Republican settlement. The position of Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS at the South, and the angry attacks upon him by Northern Democratic organs, show how radically the party is divided; but the division shows also the perception of the truth that the Democratic party can no longer hope for success upon its old platforms and policies.

The duty of the Republican party, therefore, is to comprehend this situation clearly, and to act accordingly. Protecting, as it will of course protect, what it has well done, and remembering that it has succeeded only because it has been truly the party of the people—of the intelligent popular conviction and purpose—let it listen now, as in the hour when it became invincible, to the counsels of its wisest and its best. Its Convention in New York should speak to the hope and faith of all those who doubtingly wonder whether the party will still prove itself worthy of its history. Let us hope that the Convention will remember that to a party like the Republican the danger is never of alienating its rank and file, as they are called, but its independent supporters. Let it not content itself with declaring that the amendments must be respected—of course they must be—of course they will be. Let it say what the party means to do upon other and unsettled questions. We consider them in another article.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE public situation requires that the Republican Convention of New York shall be one of reform and progress. The betrayal of fundamental rights and the hideous corruption which has been established where the Democratic party is in the unquestioned ascendency forbid the hope of relief from that party. Let the Republican Convention, therefore, represent the citizens of New York who are resolved that in their State the equal rights of all shall be acknowledged, and shall not be surrendered to a mob; the citizens who are resolved that at least an effort shall be made to stop the corruption which has not only mastered the city, but has made the Legislature a by-word; the citizens who are resolved that the Erie iniquities sanctioned by the Democratic Governor at the command of the Ring, steeping the State in disgrace, shall be probed and cured if the people have the power to do it. Let the declared State policy of the Convention be a rallying cry to every voter who values morality and public honor, and who believes that knaves can not be in power without endangering the commonwealth of honest men.

Then, as an important section of the great Republican party of the country, let the Republicans of New York declare for a general and final amnesty. The disqualification which now exists is a mere exasperation. Senator MORTON said at St. Louis that he would never vote to relieve DAVIS, BRECKINRIDGE, and TOOMBS. Let the Republicans of New York say to him that he ought either to punish those men or to release them from a contemptible proscription. Let him punish, if that is wise. But if it is not, as he agrees, let him forego the statesmanship of pouting. With equal distinctness let the Convention pronounce for revenue reform—for a radical revision of the cumbrous tariff with a view to the utmost practicable remission of taxation upon the raw materials of industry, and to raising the revenue from a few great sources. Not less emphatically should it declare for such a reform of the system of the civil service as would secure honest and efficient officers, and restrict or abolish patronage, the root of bitterness in our political contests. Since, also, the President has frankly referred the subject of San Domingo annexation to Congress, let Congress hear what the Republicans of New York think of the desirability of tropical territorial expansion. If they favor it, nothing would so help it as an expression of their favor. If they are opposed to it, Congress will certainly heed their opinion.

The Convention will point with pride, of course, to the achievements of General GRANT's administration: the adoption of the great amendment, the restoration of the Union as the defense of the equal rights of all citizens, the steady diminution of the debt, the reduction of taxation, the humanity of the Indian policy, the friendly and honorable and noble settlement of the most menacing foreign difficulty, the increasing economy of administration, the unprecedented respect with which the national name is every where regarded. And if to these the Convention should add an expression of the general confidence of the country in the upright and patriotic purpose of the President, we believe it would speak for the great body of Republicans in New York, as in the country.

As the Convention is the high and final party tribunal, it should express its decisive condemnation of all who encourage selfish and personal dissensions in the party. Under our present wretched system of the civil service the Administration can be legitimately opposed upon the ground of the distribution of patronage only when it feeds the enemy, as the phrase is. But Senator FENTON said truly, in his speech at Niagara Falls, "It should be of little moment who occupy official positions, or enjoy the favor of Federal patronage, so that they are capable and honest men, who fairly and efficiently reflect the good faith and the sound principles of the party." No Republican, therefore, who approves the present system can oppose the Administration upon this ground without condemnation as an out foolishly angry with the ins, and he must bear the responsibility of fostering party discord which may end in national disaster.

It will be our own fault if we do not improve to the utmost the opportunity of Republican success which events offer in the State of New York. Our friends in other States may rightfully demand that we virtually settle the Presidential election of next year by showing that New York is essentially Republican. It is the "off year," and we can not hope to prove our full strength; but we can at least show that the strength is here. Continued Republican division in the State may secure Democratic success, but it can do nothing else. Were it a division of principle, we certainly should not expect union. But what principle is involved? Let us speak plainly. Senator FENTON and his friends are alleged to be opposed to the renomination of the President. But their hostility is not, as we understand, one of principle, but it is personal. That is to say, they do not oppose the renomination because they condemn the conduct of the President as unconstitutional—indeed, Senator FENTON has generally supported him—but because they think him, for other reasons, unavailable. It is supposed, therefore, that if the Senator's friends control the Convention, its silence in regard to the President will be interpreted as a tacit condemnation by New York.

Assume that this is true, that Senator FENTON's policy governs the Convention, and that the candidates nominated are not favorable to the renomination. But how would their defeat by the indifference of the friends of the Administration prove that the New York Republicans are favorable to the President? The best way to secure the election of any Republican President next year is to prove that New York is Republican this year. On the other hand, suppose that the friends of the President prevail in the Convention. In that case would those who oppose the renomination permit the State to go by default lest success should show that the President could carry New York? What honest Republican who believed it would for a moment consent to be identified with a faction so miserably selfish? There are, undoubtedly, Republicans in New York who are unfriendly to the renomination of General GRANT, but there is no Republican worthy the name who would try to prevent that nomination by conniving at Democratic success.

The Convention, therefore, may justly expect and require the most honorable fidelity from the whole party, whatever may be individual preferences for national candidates. Let it advocate thorough reform in the State, and a wise heroism in the national policy. Let its voice be as the sound of a trumpet. Let its plain and fearless declarations show to the American people that the Republican party is, as it has always been, the party of just and humane principles, and, therefore, of national glory.

PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN.

IN his speech at Chicago Senator SCHURZ defined precisely his position in regard to the renomination of the President. He considered at some length the proceedings in San Domingo, and declared that in his judgment there had been a vital violation of the Constitution. It is a precedent, he thinks, full of peril, and he therefore says: "I can not, I shall not, indorse a violation of the Constitution in its most vital part by supporting, under any circumstances, the candidacy for re-election of the President who perpetrated it." But the Democrats can not therefore flatter themselves that if General GRANT should be renominated they may count upon the support of Senator SCHURZ for the Democratic candidate. Throughout his speech he identifies himself with the Republicans—hoping, indeed, and exhorting that they go forward. He asserts that he has no confidence in the sincerity of the Democratic "new departure," while he does not question that of many of the Democratic leaders; and he declares that they must try to convert their party even if in the effort it be destroyed.

But Senator SCHURZ has no partisan Democratic tendency. He smiles at the thought that those who find the strait-jacket of one party too narrow must thereupon squeeze themselves into that of the other. "We liberal Republicans are honest enough to speak out frankly what displeases us in the Republican party, but the same honesty compels us to say that there is still more in the Democratic party that displeases us. No, gentlemen, the new wine of Republican liberalism will not keep in the old Democratic cask. It is quite likely that by this declaration I shall lose much of the confidence with which I have been honored on the part of Democrats of late, but I will not enjoy more confidence than in truth I am entitled to." This manly declaration illustrates the grave political error constantly made by the Democrats who suppose that the most urgent criticism of Republican measures and men by Republicans indicates that they are ready to leave the party. Individuals of that kind there are, of course. Mr. SCHURZ is not one of them. But Mr. HENRY B. STANTON is. He says in a recent letter, "I, therefore, should not object to the election, in 1872, of a State Rights Democrat of the moderate type of our old friend SILAS WRIGHT." Mr. SCHURZ's deeper insight shows him that an honorable and patriotic Administration can be placed in power only by an honorable and patriotic party. "It is the curse of [illegible] party," he says of the Democrat[illegible] "that has educated its masses in [illegible]," "that it belong to a past period [illegible] prejudices which not go out of [illegible], and which now will sound polic[illegible] the way to make room for a So[illegible]y."

[illegible] Governor PALMER, of Illinois, whom the Democrats have considered delightfully independent in his Republican sympathies, destroys all their hopes of seeing him in opposition by a letter to Kentucky regretting that he could not join in the canvass for Mr. HARLAN. "The Republican party," he says, "being thus committed to liberty, justice, and protection for all men, is entitled in the highest degree to the confidence of all classes in Kentucky." The Governor proceeds to declare that it is the true State Rights party, because it demands that the governments of the States shall do their duty in defending the lives and liberties of their citizens, adding that if they did this the Ku-Klux legislation of Congress would become obsolete.

The impending contest is between these two parties—the Democratic devoted to the prejudices of the past, and the Republican committed to liberty, justice, and protection for all men. There was never a time when the old maxim of "principles, not men," was more applicable. Senator SCHURZ, indeed, makes no personal or factious objection to the renomination of the President. His ground of opposition is wholly different. In his judgment the re-election of a President who, as he thinks, has vitally violated the Constitution would be a condonation of usurpation full of perilous consequences. While, therefore, he favors the great principles of the party, he opposes the man.

For ourselves we do not think—nor, as we believe, does the country suppose—that there has been that willful, wanton, and dangerous usurpation of power in regard to San Domingo which Mr. SCHURZ and Mr. SUMNER so forcibly depict; nor do we think that the history of the Administration shows the President inclined to disregard his constitutional obligations. Indeed, it would be hard to find—except in the great instance of WASHINGTON—a victorious general, called at the close of a furious civil war to the chief magistracy of a disturbed nation, who has more honorably and modestly recognized the supremacy of law than the President. Were it otherwise, there could not be that general confidence in him which unquestionably exists. Senator SCHURZ vigorously criticises the Republican party, its leaders, and its policy; but he does not, therefore, cease to be a Republican. Indeed, he would prove his fidelity by purifying and elevating the party.

RESIST THE BEGINNINGS.

THE Mayor of the chief city in the country having surrendered to a mob, it is not surprising that in a smaller city a mob should have assailed and silenced a speaker whose opinions it did not like. But as the better sentiment and the natural indignation of Americans in the city of New York maintained, although at the cost of a bloody struggle, the right of citizens peacefully to assemble and profess their opinions, so the Mayor of Ogdensburg, justly comprehending his duty, protected the speaker who had been silenced, and secured him a hearing. There were many persons in New York who wished that the Orangemen had not announced a parade, just as there were many in Ogdensburg who thought the speaker a nuisance; and all such persons probably had a vague feeling that the troublesome fellows were "served right." But such persons ought to reflect that the vital principle of the American system was at stake in both cases. Mayor HALL, in New York, sacrificed it instantly. A threat from a mob was enough for him. To protect, as was his duty, the peaceful parade of the Orangemen was apparently to alienate the Roman Catholic vote from his party, and that determined him to surrender.

But when he cringed to the mob, and refused to protect the right of peaceful assembly and expression of opinion, he surrendered the liberty which is most indispensable to a free popular government. For if the magistrate is to decide what opinions may be expressed or what meetings may be held, and for what purposes, our situation is precisely that of the late French empire or any other despotism. If it was proper to forbid the parade of the Orangemen because the Hibernians had threatened a riot, it would be equally proper to forbid a parade of Republicans because Democrats announced that they should be mobbed. A government which can not protect the rights of the poorest, most wretched, and most despised citizen fails in its very first duty. The magistrate who surrenders those rights at the demand of a mob is the most criminal and the most contemptible of public officers.

In Ogdensburg a person who called himself an ex-Catholic priest and member of the Institute of France proposed to lecture against his old faith. He had precisely the same right to do it that Archbishop M'Closkey has to celebrate high mass in the cathedral in New York. But a mob led by a railroad contractor determined that, as they did not like the ex-priest's opinions, he should not utter them. At that moment the man became the representative of the dearest American rights, and every honest and intelligent citizen of the town was bound to secure to him the most perfect protection in speaking. The character of the man and the probable truthfulness of his narration were not to be considered. If a man tells lies in public, he is not to have his head broken by a mob; he is to be refuted by the truth, or to be left alone. If, when Surratt came to New York to lecture, the Army of the Republic had publicly threatened that he should be attacked, every good citizen should have appeared in his defense, and his performance would have been immensely profitable. But he was unnoticed, and consequently unrewarded.

The London *Spectator* and many American journals think that all processions should be forbidden. If they are to be forbidden because of the interruption of traffic upon the street, there may be reason in the suggestion. But it is better to endure the little annoyance than to move in the direction of regulating opinion. When every procession of whatever significance may march every where in the city in unchallenged quiet, it will be time to consider whether it may not be wise to forbid them. But while mobs threaten them, and the magistrate surrenders to the threat, it is very much too soon to think of stopping them under pretense of relieving the streets. The ex-priest's lecture in Ogdensburg, like the Orange procession in New York, was but an expression of opinion. Yet it is not the opinion, nor those who hold it, but it is the right of every man to hold and utter any opinion whatever, which is the most precious and fundamental of rights, and the most tenaciously to be defended.

SOMEBODY TO BLAME.

The coroner's verdict in the case of the terrible slaughter by the destruction of the Staten Island ferry-boat *Westfield* suggests that hereafter somebody will be held responsible for such catastrophes. There are constant frightful accidents upon railroads and steamers. The newspapers flame with sensational reports. The reader ruefully reflects how narrowly he has probably escaped. There is a brief gust of excitement; an inquest; nobody to blame; and we proceed to the next massacre. But the slaughter of nearly a hundred persons by the bursting of the boiler of a pleasure-boat lying at the wharf is an event so awful that, if nobody is to blame, traveling has become an unauthorized risk. Nobody, however, who read the testimony believed that it was in any just sense an accident. It was the result of combined ignorance and recklessness. Those who were in official authority seemed to think that they had said all that was necessary when they declared that they had always been in the habit of trusting themselves and their families to the boats under such management as they had—that is, to the care of engineers who could not read, who knew nothing of the simplest laws of the tremendous forces with which they dealt, and who had been intrusted with such immense responsibilities because they were clever fellows.

Since the *Westfield* disaster the *Starbuck*, the *R. E. Lee*, and the Chautauqua Lake steamer have all exploded. Does any body suppose that such events are properly described as accidents? The train fell through the rotten bridge at Bangor. Was that also an accident? The shocking tragedy at the New Hamburg bridge, upon the Hudson River road, last winter—was that another accident? In a few days we shall hear of some other similar catastrophe. Some bridge or boiler, now rotten, will fall or burst, and lives will be lost. Will it be an accident? Will nobody be blameworthy? Shall we gravely shake our heads and blasphemously pronounce it a visitation of Providence? Rotten bridges and boilers are no more visitations of Providence than the Black Hole at Calcutta.

It is not to be supposed that the officers of the Staten Island Ferry Company knew that their boats were recklessly managed; for if they did their offense is criminal. It was a traditionally safe ferry. Nothing had ever happened. The hands were good fellows. "All a man wants to run an engine is good common-sense. Your bookish men are never good for much. What we want is shrewd observation. The proof of the pudding is in the eating." This was the reasoning that probably satisfied these gentlemen. But it can not satisfy the public. The chief officers of steamboat and railroad companies are bound to know that their roads and boats are safe, by knowing that every measure suggested by knowledge and experience and careful, constant scrutiny is taken for their safety. It is obvious that no such principle ever occurred to the management of this ferry. A few days after the explosion of the *Westfield* the tap of a hammer knocked a hole in the boiler of another of the Staten Island boats. There has never been a more melancholy disaster than that of the *Westfield*; but even that will have its compensations if it shall serve to make the public hold the president and directors of transportation companies personally responsible for such events.

THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

The political situation in France is singular, and may yet produce serious disturbance. On the 28th of January the armistice was concluded and signed by Bismarck and Jules Favre. Its second article stated that the object was "to permit the government for the national defense to convoke an Assembly, freely elected, to declare whether the war shall be continued." The Assembly held its first preparatory session on the 13th of February. On the 17th M. Thiers was appointed chief of the executive power, with a declaration by the Assembly that it was indispensable to provide for the necessities of government "while awaiting a legal establishment of the institutions of France," and that M. Thiers would "exercise his functions subject to the authority of the National Assembly." In a speech on the 19th of February M. Thiers accepted the position, and said that the terms of peace would be courageously discussed and determined; that the task of the administration was to pacify and reorganize the country; and that when this was accomplished the country would decide its destinies. On the 1st of March the treaty was ratified by the Assembly. The insurrection and suppression of the Commune presently followed; and the Assembly has since been occupied with various details of administration.

But behind all its deliberations there is one controlling question—what next? The Assembly is the only political authority in the country constituted by the national will. But it was constituted for a declared purpose, which has been accomplished. It defined its own duty as strictly provisional, while awaiting a legal establishment of institutions; and its executive chief announced that when it had pacified the country the country would decide its own destinies. Thus the Assembly was not called to make a constitution for the country, and it has distinctly disclaimed any authority to do so. But no constitutional Assembly can be summoned except by its authority, and it reserves to itself the right of deciding when the country is pacified. Meanwhile it has been deliberating whether to declare M. Thiers executive chief for three years, and will probably give him the title of President, to hold office until the Assembly itself dissolves.

Thus the Assembly is absolute master of the situation. Its duty is plain. At the earliest moment it should order the election of a constitutional convention, of course exercising the supreme power until a constitution is adopted by the nation, and a government under it should be ready to assume its functions. But as political differences are so radical and vital in France, and as every party, monarchical, imperial, republican, and communal, will wish to seize the moment most favorable for its own views, and as there will consequently be endless bargains and coalitions within the Assembly, it is impossible to assume that the simple, obvious, and patriotic method will be adopted. But the longer the delay the more difficult the settlement will be. And too much, in the present situation, depends upon the life of one man. If M. Thiers should die, there is no successor upon whom there could be any cordial agreement. The apparent intention, therefore, of the present provisional system to prolong itself indefinitely may justly cause great solicitude.

THE HOUSATONIC BRIDGE.

We spoke last week of a letter to the New York *Times* from "Clericus," at Milford, upon the New York and New Haven Railroad, stating that he had been informed that the bridge upon that road over the Housatonic River had been condemned by the State inspectors. After our article was printed "Clericus" wrote again to say that he had been misinformed, and that the inspectors had found the bridge perfectly safe. This want of careful inquiry upon the part of "Clericus" has increased rather than diminished the peril of railroad travel, because it throws suspicions upon all similar assertions hereafter.

PERSONAL.

Senator Conkling is just now a topic of especial interest to the politicians of this State, from the fact that the State Senate to be elected this fall will participate in the election of his successor in 1873. The Springfield *Republican* thinks Mr. Conkling will not be elected, nor will he withdraw from the canvass. "He is not that sort of man." It will be remembered that the canvass for the Senatorial nomination between Mr. Conkling and Judge Noah Davis was exceedingly animated and very close.

—Hon. Milton S. Latham, of San Francisco, has made a present to his wife, Mary, "in consideration of natural love and affection," as the deed of conveyance recites. It consists of a house and grounds in the choicest part of San Francisco, and is valued at three hundred thousand dollars in gold. Mr. Latham is yet a young man, but his public career was exceptionally brilliant. He is only forty-four years of age. At twenty-three he removed to California, was at once appointed clerk of the Recorder's Court of San Francisco, and soon afterward chosen District-Attorney for the counties of Sacramento and El Dorado. In 1852 he was elected to Congress, but declined a re-election. In 1855 President Pierce appointed him Collector of San Francisco. In January, 1860, he was inaugurated Governor of California, and three days afterward was elected United States Senator for six years, and ended his brilliant political career at the early age of thirty-nine. Since then Mr. Latham has been governor of the Bank of California, the principal moneyed institution of the Pacific. He is a gentleman of superior oratorical powers, a fine scholar, a first-rate business man, and possesses one of the choicest and largest private libraries in the United States.

—Ex-Governor John B. Weller, from personal or other causes, thinks poorly of the Democratic leaders of California, and asserts that they have lost the State. Governor Weller has had a tolerably fair political experience. He was in Congress from Ohio from 1839 to 1845; was the first United States commissioner to Mexico under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo: and having taken up his residence in California, was elected to the United States Senate in 1851, for six years, and was subsequently elected Governor of California. In December, 1860, he was appointed minister to Mexico. Since then he has not risen to the surface prominently in political matters, and may now reasonably be classed among those public men who have been conspicuous, but are now historical.

—Secretary Boutwell is an agriculturist. He is a more acred man than those brow-sweated farmers, Horace Greeley and Henry Ward Beecher—owning three farms in Groton, Massachusetts. He rivals the former in the value of his woodland, and is the peer of the parson in producing pork. His turnips are said to cost somewhere in the range of five dollars the peck.

—Dr. Loring, one of the many aspirants for the Republican nomination for Governor of Massachusetts, has some notion of the pride of ancestry. At the recent Miles Standish celebration at Duxbury the doctor revealed this incident in the captain's courtship not related by Longfellow. Said he: "I claim lineal descent from Miles Standish. My great-grandmother's name was Alathea Alden, whose husband, John Alden, was sent by Standish to court her by proxy, but who accepted a modest hint from the maid, and won her for himself instead of his leader."

—Our excellent friend Paul du Chaillu, the enterprising African traveler, has changed his field of exploration from the regions of the equator to those of the arctic circle. Toward the end of last month he was at North Cape, above seventy-one north latitude. M. Du Chaillu is making a protracted tour through Norway, Sweden, and Lapland to collect materials for a book as well as lectures on this interesting part of the world, which, judging from his African explorations, will be very attractive and popular.

—After all, there is something interesting and pleasant in the "coming of age" of the heir to a noble and honorable house, and the merry-making of which it is the occasion. Two such celebrations have recently taken place in England—Lord Burleigh and Lord Pembroke having both attained their majority. The former is the eldest son of the Marquis of Exeter, whose second title is more famous than his first. Lord Exeter is the representative of the elder branch of the family of Cecil. His house has been almost uniquely prosperous, inasmuch as it has for two hundred years been doubly represented continuously in the male line in the House of Lords; the great Lord Treasurer Burleigh's eldest son having been the direct ancestor of the Marquis of Exeter, while his second son, Robert, James the First's minister, was the direct ancestor of the Marquis of Salisbury. Curiously enough, while heirs have always been forthcoming, and at the present time there are plenty, this ancient family has never spread into various ramifications, and there is no family of Cecil seated elsewhere in England allied to the Exeters or Salisburys. The same good fortune which has attended the Cecil family has extended to its hereditary homes. The "Burleigh House, by Stamford Town," of to-day is that built by Queen Bess's astute adviser, while Hatfield, its rival in the same style of grandeur, is the Hatfield of his second son. The Earl of Pembroke comes of a race equally renowned in the annals of his country. The eldest son of the late Lord Herbert of Lea, better known as the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, Lord Pembroke, became head of his house in succession to his uncle, and has inherited a goodly heritage of upward of five hundred thousand dollars a year. His English seat is "Wilton House by Salisbury," a grand old mansion of immense extent, filled with treasures of art; and he further possesses Mount Merrion, charmingly situated on the shores of Dublin Bay, with the most lucrative property in Ireland adjoining it. Lord Pembroke's mother joined the communion of the Church of Rome shortly after his father's death, but he remains a member of the Church of England. We shouldn't wonder if that fascinating Monseigneur described in "Lothair" casts a longing eye toward the young nobleman.

—Mr. Grote, the historian, whose "History of Greece," in twelve volumes, forms one of the most valuable historical works published by Harper & Brothers, leaves about $600,000 in personal property alone. He bequeathed the copyright of his history and of his other works and his library to his wife for her life, and after her decease to the University of London.

—The New York correspondent of the Boston *Courier*, who professes to know whereof he writes, thinking that it might interest curious people to know something of Henry Ward Beecher's habits of composition, says that "he writes with inconceivable rapidity, in a large, sprawling hand, lines wide apart, and words so thinly scattered about that some of his pages remind one of the famous description of a page of Napoleon's manuscript—a scratch, a blot, and a splutter. Writing so hastily, he writes with some inaccuracy, and as he finds correction very irksome, he hands his manuscript over to some one familiar with his handwriting, to be prepared for the press. It is then set up, the rough proof corrected, and a fair revise handed to the author. This he reads with extreme care, and makes so many corrections, erasures, and additions that it is sometimes cheaper and less laborious to reset the whole than to 'correct' from his proofs. A second proof is then prepared for him, and sometimes a third and fourth, before his critical judgment is satisfied, and the stereotyper allowed to cast the plates. It will be noticed that in the preparation of copy Mr. Beecher's habits are directly opposite to those of Mr. Greeley, who prepares his copy with great care, punctuating every sentence, marking every capital letter and paragraph, and, in short, completing his work before it leaves his hand. The compositor and proof-reader have only to follow copy to be sure of coming out right. Mr. Beecher's impetuous temperament rebels against such laborious finish."

—Mr. Sage, of Wisconsin, an opulent lumber merchant, has given $250,000 for the erection of a college for women at Ithaca. He also offers another gift of $100,000 on several conditions—chief of which is that attendance on religious services at chapel shall be compulsory.

—Mr. Jacob Thompson, the Secretary of the Interior in the Buchanan administration, now rusticating in the mountains of West Virginia, is naturally very decidedly opposed to the adoption by the Southern Democracy of the "new departure" programme. He thinks that the party in the South must "accept" the constitutional amendments as part of the situation, and disapproves any concentrated effort to abrogate them by other than constitutional means; but he does not think that the Southern Democrats should be expected to say that the amendments were legally enacted. He thinks that they should not send any delegates to the next National Democratic Convention, but leave the whole matter of selection of candidate and platform to the Democrats of the Northern States, pledging to both the support of the Southern Democracy, thus relieving the party from the imputation of "rebel" interference or dictation. Mr. Thompson is more "reconstructed" than most of his compeers, and complains but little of the abolition of "the institution," though he expresses the confident hope in "the good time coming"—namely, the return to power in 1872 of the Democratic party.

—The Democrats of Louisiana are jubilant over the dissensions of Governor Warmoth and Collector Casey. They regard the quarrel as a Democratic victory, and predict the speedy conversion of the Governor to the doctrine of a "white man's government."

—Mr. Jefferson Davis and family are now in the neighborhood of Baltimore. He has been seriously ill with dyspepsia and heart disease, and contemplates a visit to the White Sulphur Springs or to the sea-shore, as his physicians may determine.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A terrible railroad disaster occurred the evening of August 26 at Revere station, about seven miles from Boston, on the Eastern road. The accommodation train, which left Boston at half past seven, was delayed by various causes, and while stopping at Revere was overtaken by the Portland express train. The ponderous locomotive dashed at lightning speed into the standing train, entirely demolishing two cars, killing twenty-four persons outright, and seriously wounding thirty or forty others. Among the former was the Rev. Dr. Ezra S. Gannett, the well-known Unitarian clergyman.

The steamship *Lodona*, which sailed from New York for New Orleans August 12, was lost in a gale on the southern coast of Florida about the 20th of that month. More than twenty persons, including the captain, were drowned, and the ship and cargo are a total loss.

A destructive fire occurred August 22d in the town of Ithaca, New York, involving the loss of a very large amount of property.

In view of the early completion of the telegraph line between Mexico and the United States, the *Journal of Mexico* suggests that Mexican citizenship be conferred upon Professor Morse.

FOREIGN NEWS.

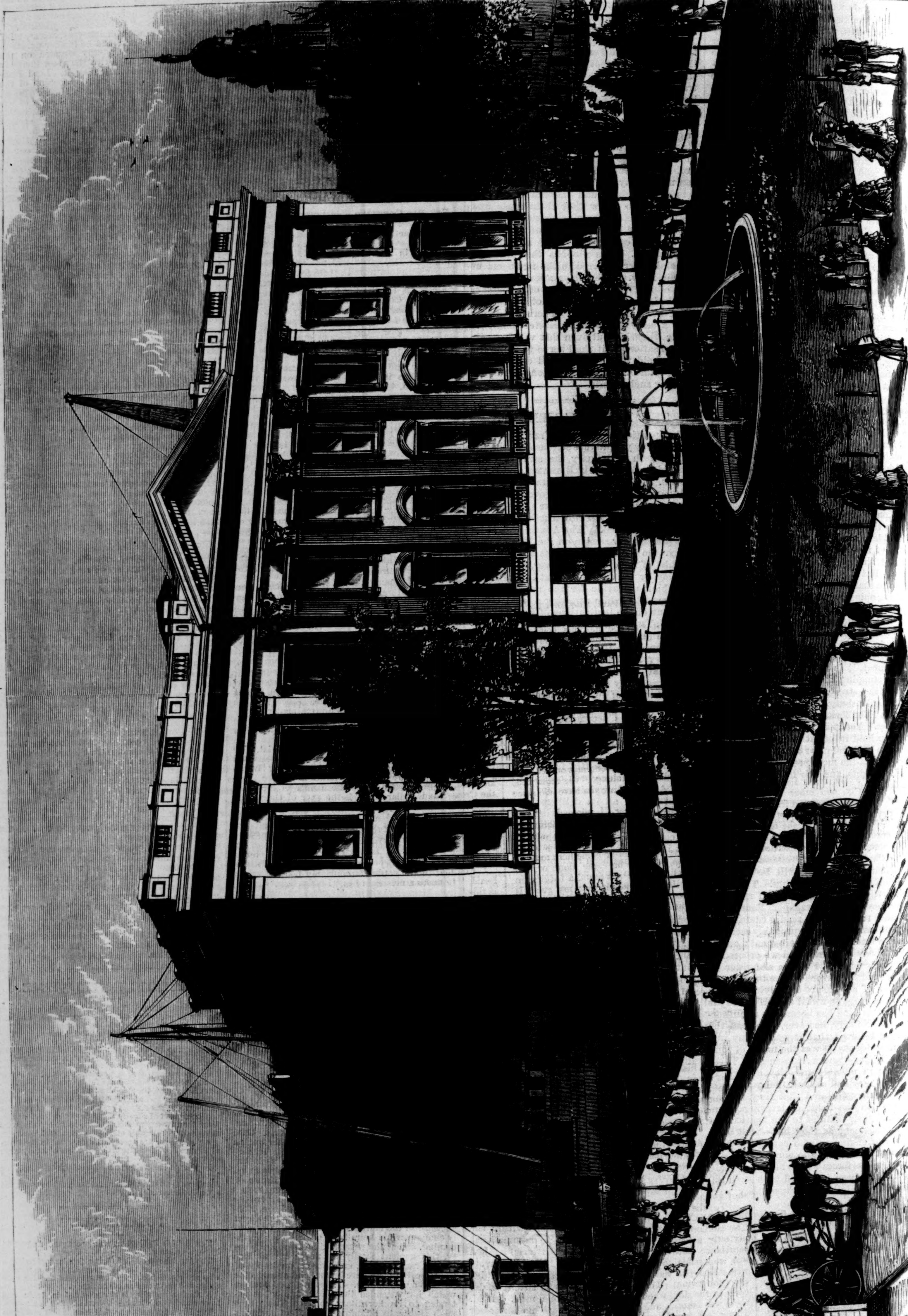
The British Parliament was prorogued August 21 by royal commission.

The Archbishop of Madrid, in a circular to the clergy, requires them to refuse the sacrament to those persons who are married only by civil rite, and all such marriages will be treated as concubinage.

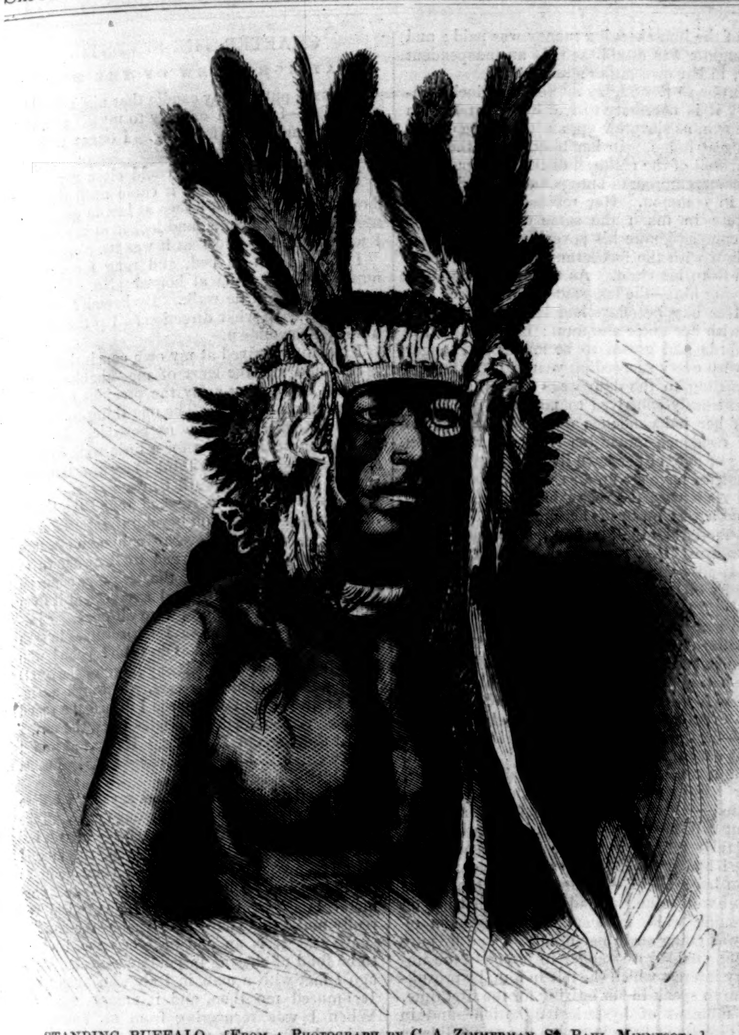
A Carlist uprising is apprehended in Spain, and troops have been sent into several disaffected districts.

The Levant *Herald* says that famine and pestilence are worse than ever in Persia, and that 27,000 have perished in Ispahan alone; also that crops have been destroyed and one-third the population annihilated.

The French Assembly has passed a bill providing for the disarmament of the National Guard throughout France. The measure excites great indignation, and may lead to serious trouble.



THE NEW COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 839.]



STANDING BUFFALO.—[From a Photograph by C. A. Zimmerman, St. Paul, Minnesota.]

STANDING BUFFALO.

This celebrated Indian, chief of a band of Santee Sioux who visited the Milk River Agency in May last with overtures of friendship, was killed on the 5th of June in a battle with the Gros Ventre and Upper Assiniboine Indians. He had been urged by a deputation of Yanctons to join in a raid against these two tribes, but at first flatly refused. The Yanctons abused and derided him, and finally told him he was a coward and no chief, if he listened to the whites and refused to lead his tribe to war. At last Standing Buffalo became wild with rage and excitement, and declared he would go to war, but he would go to die. He then made disposition of all his horses, property, and other effects, giving every thing away to relatives and friends; counseled his brother and his son and the head men of his tribe to abide faithfully by the terms they had made; but that he would never return, as he would die in battle. He started out and met a large party of Gros Ventres and Assiniboines, far superior to his own in number, on a plain, and charged them, and, without firing a shot, began striking the enemy with his "coo-stick." He received about thirty shots and fell.

Standing Buffalo was a tall, well-made, fine-looking Indian. He had been engaged in several wars against the whites, but had determined to live in peace. It is believed that he went to war courting death, because he was resolved to maintain peace with the whites, and abide faithfully by the terms he had made with the Agency, and was unable to control the Yanctons and some of his own warriors, or prevent them from violating the compact.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

CANDLE-LIGHT VIEW OF THE MAN.

There had been barely light enough left for me to read by. Zillah lit the candles, and drew the curtains. The silence which betokens a profound disappointment reigned in the room.

"Who *can* he be?" repeated Lucilla, for the hundredth time. "And why should your looking at him have distressed him? Guess, Madame Pratolungo!"

The last sentence in the gazetteer's description of Exeter hung a little on my mind, in consequence of there being one word in it which I did not quite understand—the word "Assizes." I have, I hope, shown that I possess a competent knowledge of the English language by this time. But my experience fails a little on the side of phrases consecrated to the use of the law. I inquired into the meaning of "Assizes," and was informed that it signified movable courts, for trying prisoners at given times in various parts of England. Hearing this, I had another of my inspirations. I guessed immediately that the interesting stranger was a criminal escaped from the Assizes.

Worthy old Zillah started to her feet, convinced that I had hit him off (as the English saying is) to a T. "Mercy preserve us!" cried the nurse, "I haven't bolted the garden door!"

She hurried out of the room to rescue us from robbery and murder before it was too late. I looked at Lucilla. She was leaning back in her chair, with a smile of quiet contempt on her pretty face. "Madame Pratolungo," she remarked, "that is the first foolish thing you have said since you have been here."

"Wait a little, my dear," I rejoined. "You have declared that nothing is known of this man. Now you mean by that—nothing which satisfies *you*. He has not dropped down from heaven, I suppose? The time when he came here must be known. Also, whether he came alone or not. Also, how and where he has found a lodging in the village. Before I admit that my guess is completely wrong, I want to hear what general observation in Dimchurch has discovered on the subject of this gentleman. How long has he been here?"

Lucilla did not, at first, appear to be much interested in the purely practical view of the question which I had just placed before her.

"He has been here a week," she answered, carelessly.

"Did he come, as I came, over the hills?"

"Yes."

"With a guide, of course?"

Lucilla suddenly sat up in her chair.

"With his brother," she said. "His *twin* brother, Madame Pratolungo."

I sat up in *my* chair. The appearance of his twin brother in the story was a complication in itself. Two criminals escaped from the Assizes, instead of one!

"How did they find their way here?" I asked next.

"Nobody knows."

"Where did they go to when they got here?"

"To the Cross-Hands—the little public-house in the village. The landlord told Zillah he was perfectly astonished at the resemblance between them. It was impossible to know which was which—it was wonderful, even for twins. They arrived early in the day, when the tap-room was empty; and they had a long talk together in private. At the end of it, they rang for the landlord, and asked if he had a bedroom to let in the house. You must have seen for yourself that the Cross-Hands is a mere beer-shop. The landlord had a room that he could spare—a wretched place, not fit for a gentleman to sleep in. One of the brothers took the room, for all that."

"What became of the other brother?"

"He went away the same day—very unwillingly. The parting between them was most affecting. The brother who spoke to us to-night insisted on it, or the other would have refused to leave him. They both shed tears—"

"They did worse than that," said old Zillah, re-entering the room at the moment. "I have made all the doors and windows fast down stairs; he can't get in now, my dear, if he tries."

"What did they do that was worse than crying?" I inquired.

"Kissed each other!" said Zillah, with a look of profound disgust. "Two men!"

"Perhaps they are foreigners," I suggested. "Did they give themselves a name?"

"The landlord asked the one who staid behind for his name," replied Lucilla. "He said it was 'Dubourg.'"

This confirmed me in my belief that I had guessed right. "Dubourg" is as common a name in my country as "Jones" or "Thompson" is in England—just the sort of feigned name that a man in difficulties would give among *us*. Was he a criminal countryman of mine? No! There had been nothing foreign in his accent when he spoke. Pure English—there could be no doubt of that. And yet he had given a French name. Had he deliberately insulted my nation? Yes! Not content with being stained by innumerable crimes, he had added to the list of his atrocities—he had insulted my nation!

"Well?" I resumed. "We have left this undetected ruffian deserted in the public-house. Is he there still?"

"Bless your heart!" cried the old nurse, "he is settled in the neighborhood. He has taken Browndown."

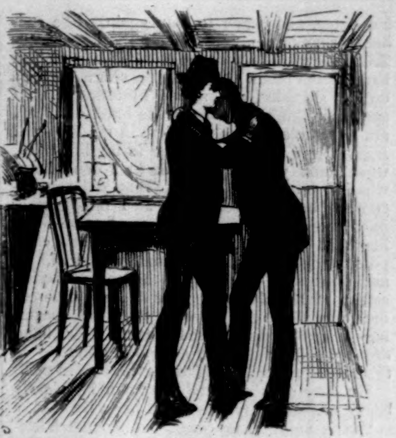
I turned to Lucilla. "Browndown belongs to Somebody," I said, hazarding another guess. "Did Somebody let it without a reference?"

"Browndown belongs to a gentleman at Brighton," answered Lucilla. "And the gentleman was referred to a well-known name in London—one of the great City merchants. Here is the most provoking part of the whole mystery. The merchant said, 'I have known Mr. Dubourg from his childhood. He has reasons for wishing to live in the strictest retirement. I answer for his being an honorable man, to whom you can safely let your house. More than this I am not authorized to tell you.' My father knows the landlord of Browndown; and that is what the reference said to him, word for word! Isn't it provoking? The house was let for six months, certain, the next day. It is wretchedly furnished. Mr. Dubourg has had several things that he wanted sent from Brighton. Besides the furniture, a packing-case from London arrived at the house to-day. It was so strongly nailed up that the carpenter had to be sent for to open it. He reports that the case was full of thin plates of gold and silver; and it was accompanied by a box of extraordinary tools, the use of which was a mystery to the carpenter himself. Mr. Dubourg locked up these things in a room at the back of the house, and put the key in his pocket. He seemed to be pleased—he whistled a tune, and said, 'Now we shall do!' The landlady at the Cross-Hands is our authority for this. She does what little cooking he requires; and her daughter makes his bed, and so on. They go to him in the morning, and return to the inn in the evening. He has no servants with him. He is all by himself at night. Isn't it interesting? A mystery in real life. It baffles every body."

"You must be very strange people, my dear," I said, "to make a mystery of such a plain case as this."

"Plain!" repeated Lucilla, in amazement.

"Certainly! The gold and silver plates, and the strange tools, and the living in retirement, and the sending the servants away at night—all point to the same conclusion. My guess is the right one. The man is an escaped criminal; and his form of crime is coining false money. He has been discovered at Exeter, he has escaped the officers of justice, and he is now going to begin again here. You can do as you please. If *I* happen to want change, I won't get it in this neighborhood."



"THE PARTING BETWEEN THEM WAS MOST AFFECTING."

Lucilla laid herself back in her chair again. I could see that she gave me up, in the matter of Mr. Dubourg, as a person willfully and incorrigibly wrong.

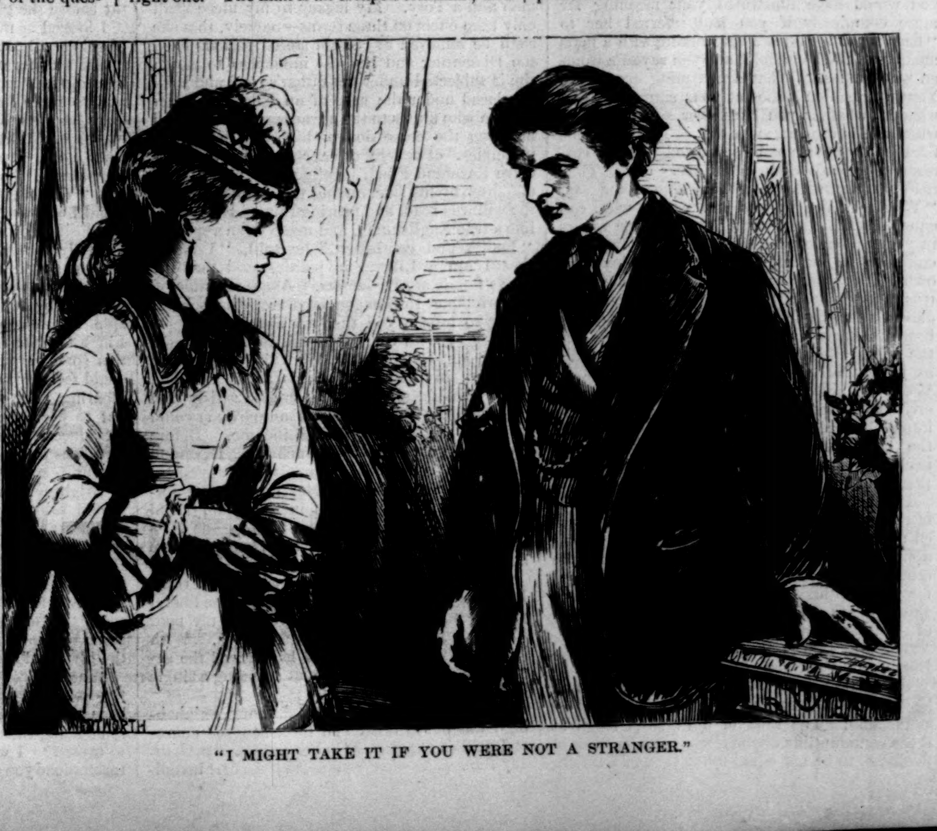
"A coiner of false money recommended as an honorable man by one of the first merchants in London!" she exclaimed. "We do some very eccentric things in England occasionally; but there is a limit to our national madness, Madame Pratolungo, and you have reached it. Shall we have some music?"

She spoke a little sharply. Mr. Dubourg was the hero of her romance. She resented—seriously resented—any attempt on my part to lower him in her estimation.

I persisted in my unfavorable opinion of him, nevertheless. The question between us (as I might have told her) was a question of believing or not believing in the merchant of London. To her mind it was a sufficient guarantee of his integrity that he was a rich man. To my mind (speaking as a good Socialist) that very circumstance told dead against him. A capitalist is a robber of one sort, and a coiner is a robber of another sort. Whether the capitalist recommends the coiner, or the coiner the capitalist, is all one to me. In either case (to quote the language of an excellent English play) the honest people are the soft, easy cushions on which these knaves repose and fatten. It was on the tip of my tongue to put this large and liberal view of the subject to Lucilla. But (alas!) it was easy to see that the poor child was infected by the narrow prejudices of the class amidst which she lived. How could I find it in my heart to run the risk of a disagreement between us on the first day? No—it was not to be done. I gave the nice pretty blind girl a kiss. And we went to the piano together. And I put off making a good Socialist of Lucilla till a more convenient opportunity.

We might as well have left the piano unopened. The music was a failure.

I played my best. From Mozart to Beethoven. From Beethoven to Schubert. From Schubert to Chopin. She listened with all the will in the world to be pleased. She thanked me again and again. She tried, at my invitation, to play herself, choosing the familiar compositions which she knew by ear. No! The abominable Dubourg, having got the uppermost place in her mind, kept it. She tried and tried and tried, and could do nothing. His voice was still in her ears—the only music which could possess itself of her attention that night. I took



"I MIGHT TAKE IT IF YOU WERE NOT A STRANGER."

her place, and began to play again. She suddenly snatched my hands off the keys. "Is Zillah here?" she whispered. I told her Zillah had left the room. She laid her charming head on my shoulder, and sighed hysterically. "I can't help thinking of him," she burst out. "I am miserable for the first time in my life—no! I am happy for the first time in my life. Oh, what must you think of me! I don't know what I am talking about. Why did you encourage him to speak to us? I might never have heard his voice but for you." She lifted her head again, with a little shiver, and composed herself. One of her hands wandered here and there over the keys of the piano, playing softly. "His charming voice!" she whispered, dreamily, while she played. "Oh, his charming voice!" She paused again. Her hand dropped from the piano and took mine. "Is this love?" she said, half to herself, half to me.

My duty as a respectable woman lay clearly before me—my duty was to tell her a lie.

"It is nothing, my dear, but too much excitement, and too much fatigue," I said. "To-morrow you shall be my young lady again. To-night you must be only my child. Come and let me put you to bed."

She yielded with a weary sigh. Ah, how lovely she looked in her pretty night-dress, on her knees at the bedside—the innocent, afflicted creature—saying her prayers!

I am, let me own, an equally headlong woman at loving and hating. When I had left her for the night, I could hardly have felt more tenderly interested in her if she had been really a child of my own. You have met with people of my sort—unless you are a very forbidding person indeed—who have talked to you in the most confidential manner of all their private affairs on meeting you in a railway carriage, or sitting next to you at a table d'hôte. For myself, I believe I shall go on running up sudden friendships with strangers to my dying day. Infamous Dubourg! If I could have got into Browndown that night I should have liked to have done to him what a Mexican maid of mine (at the Central American period of my career) did to her drunken husband, who was a kind of peddler dealing in whips and sticks. She sewed him strongly up one night in the sheet while he lay snoring off his liquor in bed; and then she took his whole stock in trade out of the corner of the room and broke it on him, to the last article on sale, until he was beaten to a jelly from head to foot.

Not having this resource open to me, I sat myself down in my bedroom to consider—if the matter of Dubourg went any farther—what it was my business to do next.

I have already mentioned that Lucilla and I had idled away the whole afternoon, woman-like, in talking of ourselves. You will best understand what course my reflections took if I here relate the chief particulars which Lucilla communicated to me concerning her own singular position in her father's house.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

A CAGE OF FINCHES.

Large families are—as my experience goes—of two sorts. There are the families whose members all admire each other. And there are the families whose members all detest each other. For myself I prefer the second sort. Their quarrels are their own affair; and they have a merit which the first sort are never known to possess—the merit of being sometimes able to see the good qualities of persons who do not possess the advantage of being related to them by blood. The families whose members all admire each other, are families saturated with insufferable conceit. You happen to speak of Shakspeare among these people as a type of supreme intellectual capacity. A female member of the family will not fail to convey to you that you would have illustrated your meaning far more completely if you had referred her to "dear papa." You are out walking with a male member of the household, and you say of a woman who passes, "What a charming creature!" Your companion smiles at your simplicity, and wonders whether you have ever seen his sister when she is dressed for a ball. These are the families who can not be separated without corresponding with each other every day. They read you extracts from their letters, and say, "Where is the professional writer who can equal this?" They talk of their private affairs in your presence, and appear to think that you ought to be interested too. They enjoy their own jokes across you at table, and wonder how it is that you are not amused. In domestic circles of this sort the sisters sit habitually on the brothers' knees; and the husbands inquire into the wives' ailments in public as unconcernedly as if they were closeted in their own room. When we arrive at a more advanced stage of civilization, the state will supply cages for these intolerable people; and notices will be posted at the corners of streets, "Beware of Number twelve: a family in a state of mutual admiration is hung up there!"

I gathered from Lucilla that the Finches were of the second order of large families, as mentioned above. Hardly one of the members of this domestic group was on speaking terms with the other. And some of them had been separated for years without once troubling her Majesty's Post-office to convey even the slightest expression of sentiment from one to the other.

The first wife of Reverend Finch was a Miss Batchford. The members of her family (limited at the time of the marriage to her brother and her sister) strongly disapproved of her choice of a husband. The rank of a Finch (I laugh at these contemptible distinctions!) was decided, in this case, to be not equal to the rank of a Batchford. Nevertheless, Miss married. Her brother and sister declined to be present at the ceremony. First quarrel.

Lucilla was born. Reverend Finch's elder brother (on speaking terms with no other member of the family) interfered with a Christian proposal—namely, to shake hands across the baby's cradle. Adopted by the magnanimous Batchfords. First reconciliation.

Time passed. Reverend Finch—then officiating in a poor curacy near a great manufacturing town—felt a want (the want of money), and took a liberty (the liberty of attempting to borrow of his brother-in-law). Mr. Batchford, being a rich man, regarded this overture, it is needless to say, in the light of an insult. Miss Batchford sided with her brother. Second quarrel.

Time passed, as before. Mrs. Finch the first died. Reverend Finch's elder brother (still at daggers drawn with the other members of the family) made a second Christian proposal—namely, to shake hands across the wife's grave. Adopted once more by the bereaved Batchfords. Second reconciliation.

Another lapse of time. Reverend Finch, left a widower with one daughter, became personally acquainted with an inhabitant of the great city near which he ministered, who was also a widower with one daughter. The status of the parent in this case—social-political-religious—was Shoe-maker-Radical-Baptist. Reverend Finch, still wanting money, swallowed it all, and married the daughter, with a dowry of three thousand pounds. This proceeding alienated from him forever, not the Batchfords only, but the peace-making elder brother as well. This excellent Christian ceased to be on speaking terms now with his brother the clergyman as well as with all the rest of the family. The complete isolation of Reverend Finch followed. Regularly every year did the second Mrs. Finch afford opportunities of shaking hands, not only over one cradle, but sometimes over two. Vain and meritorious fertility! Nothing came of it but a kind of compromise. Lucilla, quite overlooked among the rector's rapidly increasing second family, was allowed to visit her maternal uncle and aunt at stated periods in every year. Born, to all appearance, with the full possession of her sight, the poor child had become incurably blind before she was a year old. In all other respects she presented a striking resemblance to her mother. Bachelor Uncle Batchford and his old maiden sister both conceived the strongest affection for the child. "Our niece, Lucilla," they said, "has justified our fondest hopes—she is a Batchford, not a Finch!" Lucilla's father (promoted by this time to the rectory of Dimchurch) let them talk. "Wait a bit, and money will come of it," was all *he* said. Truly, money was wanted!—with fruitful Mrs. Finch multiplying cradles year after year till the doctor himself (employed on contract) got tired of it, and said one day, "It is not true that there is an end to every thing: there is no end to the multiplying capacity of Mrs. Finch."

Lucilla grew up from childhood to womanhood. She was twenty years old before her father's expectations were realized, and the money came of it at last.

Uncle Batchford died a single man. He divided his fortune between his maiden sister and his niece. When she came of age Lucilla was to have an income of fifteen hundred pounds a year—on certain conditions, which the will set forth at great length. The effect of these conditions was (first) to render it absolutely impossible for Reverend Finch, under any circumstances whatever, to legally inherit a single farthing of the money, and (secondly) to detach Lucilla from her father's household, and to place her under the care of her maiden aunt, so long as she remained unmarried, for a period of three months in every year.

The will avowed the object of this last condition in the plainest words. "I die as I have lived" (wrote Uncle Batchford) "a High-Churchman and a Tory. My legacy to my niece shall only take effect on these terms—namely, that she shall be removed at certain stated periods from the Dissenting and Radical influences to which she is subjected under her father's roof, and shall be placed under the care of an English gentlewoman who unites to the advantages of birth and breeding the possession of high and honorable principles," et cætera, et cætera. Can you conceive Reverend Finch's feelings, sitting, with his daughter by his side, among the company, while the will was read, and hearing this? He got up, like a true Englishman, and made them a speech. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I admit that I am a Liberal in politics, and that my wife's family are Dissenters. As an example of the principles thus engendered in my household, I beg to inform you that my daughter accepts this legacy with my full permission, and that I forgive Mr. Batchford." With that, he walked out, with his daughter on his arm. He had heard enough, please to observe, to satisfy him that Lucilla (while she lived unmarried) could do what she liked with her income. Before they had got back to Dimchurch, Reverend Finch had completed a domestic arrangement which permitted his daughter to occupy a perfectly independent position in the rectory, and which placed in her father's pockets—as Miss Finch's contribution to the housekeeping—five hundred a year.

(Do you know what I felt when I heard this? I felt the deepest regret that Finch of the liberal principles had not made a third with my poor Pratolungo and me in Central America. With him to advise us, we should have saved the sacred cause of Freedom without spending a single farthing on it!)

The old side of the rectory, hitherto uninhabited, was put in order and furnished—of course at Lucilla's expense. On her twenty-first birthday the repairs were completed; the first installment of the housekeeping money was paid; and the daughter was established, as an independent lodger, in her own father's house!

In order to thoroughly appreciate Finch's ingenuity it is necessary to add here that Lucilla had shown, as she grew up, an increasing dislike of living at home. In her blind state, the endless turmoil of the children distracted her. She and her step-mother did not possess a single sympathy in common. Her relations with her father were in much the same condition. She could compassionate his poverty, and she could treat him with the forbearance and respect due to him from his child. As to really venerating and loving him—the less said about that the better. Her happiest days had been the days she spent with her uncle and aunt; her visits to the Batchfords had grown to be longer and longer visits with every succeeding year. If the father, in appealing to the daughter's sympathies, had not dextrously contrived to unite the preservation of her independence with the continuance of her residence under his roof, she would, on coming of age, either have lived altogether with her aunt, or have set up an establishment of her own. As it was, the rector had secured his five hundred a year on terms acceptable to both sides—and, more than that, he had got her safe under his own eye. For, remark, there was one terrible possibility threatening him in the future—the possibility of Lucilla's marriage!

Such was the strange domestic position of this interesting creature at the time when I entered the house.

You will now understand how completely puzzled I was when I recalled what had happened on the evening of my arrival, and when I asked myself—in the matter of the mysterious stranger—what course I was to take next. I had found Lucilla a solitary being, helplessly dependent, in her blindness, on others; and in that sad condition—without a mother, without a sister, without a friend even in whose sympathies she could take refuge, in whose advice she could trust—I had produced a first favorable impression on her; I had won her liking at once, as she had won mine. I had accompanied her on an evening walk, innocent of all suspicion of what was going on in her mind. I had by pure accident enabled a stranger to intensify the imaginary interest which she felt in him, by provoking him to speak in her hearing for the first time. In a moment of hysterical agitation—and in sheer despair of knowing who else to confide in—the poor, foolish, blind, lonely girl had opened her heart to *me*. What was I to do?

If the case had been an ordinary one, the whole affair would have been simply ridiculous.

But the case of Lucilla was not the case of girls in general.

The minds of the blind are, by cruel necessity, forced inward on themselves. They live apart from us—ah, how hopelessly far apart!—in their own dark sphere, of which we know nothing. What relief could come to Lucilla from the world outside? None! It was part of her desolate liberty to be free to dwell unremittingly on the ideal creature of her own dream. Within the narrow limit of the one impression that it had been possible for her to derive of this man—the impression of the beauty of his voice—her fancy was left to work unrestrained in the changeless darkness of her life. What a picture! I shudder as I draw it. Oh yes, it is easy, I know, to look at it the other way; to laugh at the folly of a girl, who first excites her imagination about a total stranger, and then, when she hears him speak, falls in love with his voice! But add that the girl is blind; that the girl lives habitually in the world of her own imagination; that the girl has nobody at home who can exercise a wholesome influence over her. Is there nothing pitiable in such a state of things as this? For myself—though I come of a light-hearted nation that laughs at every thing—I saw my own face looking horribly grave and old as I sat before the glass that night brushing my hair.

I looked at my bed. Bah! what was the use of going to bed?

She was her own mistress. She was perfectly free to take her next walk to Browndown alone, and to place herself, for all I knew to the contrary, at the mercy of a dishonorable and designing man. What was I? Only her companion. I had no right to interfere—and yet, if any thing happened, I should be blamed. It is so easy to say, "You ought to have done something." Who could I consult? The worthy old nurse only held the position of servant. Could I address myself to the lymphatic lady with the baby in one hand and the novel in the other? Absurd! Her step-mother was not to be thought of. Her father? Judging by hearsay, I had not derived a favorable impression of the capacity of Reverend Finch for interfering successfully in a matter of this sort. However, he *was* her father; and I could feel my way cautiously with him at first. Hearing Zillah moving about the corridor, I went out to her. In the course of a little gossip I introduced the name of the master of the house. How was it I had not seen him yet? For an excellent reason. He had gone to visit a friend at Brighton. It was then Tuesday. He was expected back on "sermon-day"—that is to say, on Saturday in the same week.

I returned to my room a little out of temper. In this state my mind works with wonderful freedom. I had another of my inspirations. Mr. Dubourg had taken the liberty of speaking to me that evening. Good. I determined to go alone to Browndown the next morning, and take the liberty of speaking to Mr. Dubourg.

Was this resolution inspired solely by my interest in Lucilla? Or had my own curiosity been all the time working under the surface, and influencing the course of my reflections unknown to myself? I went to bed without inquiring. I recommend you to go to bed without inquiring too.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

DAYLIGHT VIEW OF THE MAN.

When I put out my candle that night I made a mistake—I trusted entirely to myself to wake in good time in the morning. I ought to have told Zillah to call me.

Hours passed before I could close my eyes. It was broken rest when it came until the day dawned. Then I fell asleep at last in good earnest. When I awoke, and looked at my watch, I was amazed to find that it was ten o'clock.

I jumped out of bed, and rang for the old nurse. Was Lucilla at home? No. She had gone out for a little walk. By herself? Yes—by herself. In what direction? Up the valley, toward Browndown.

I instantly arrived at my own conclusion.

She had got the start of me—thanks to my laziness in sleeping away the precious hours of the morning in bed. The one thing to do was to follow her as speedily as possible. In half an hour more *I* was out for a little walk by myself—and (what do you think?) *my* direction also was up the valley, toward Browndown.

A pastoral solitude reigned round the lonely little house. I went on beyond it into the next winding of the valley. Not a human creature was to be seen. I returned to Browndown to reconnoitre. Ascending the rising ground on which the house was built, I approached it from the back. The windows were all open. I listened. (Do you suppose I felt scruples in such an emergency as this? Oh, pooh! pooh! who but a fool would have felt any thing of the sort!) I listened with both my ears. Through a window at the side of the house I heard the sound of voices. Advancing noiselessly on the turf, I heard the voice of Dubourg. He was answered by a woman. Aha, I had caught her! Lucilla herself!

"Wonderful!" I heard him say. "I believe you have eyes in the ends of your fingers. Take this, now, and try if you can tell me what it is."

"A little vase," she answered, speaking, I give you my word of honor, as composedly as if she had known him for years. "Wait! what metal is it? Silver? No. Gold. Did you really make this yourself, as well as the box?"

"Yes. It is an odd taste of mine, isn't it? to be fond of chasing in gold and silver. Years ago I met with a man in Italy who taught me. It amused me then, and it amuses me now. When I was recovering from an illness last spring I shaped that vase out of the plain metal, and made the ornaments on it."

"Another mystery revealed!" she exclaimed. "Now I know what you wanted with those gold and silver plates that came to you from London. Are you aware of what a character you have got here? There are some of us who suspect you of coining false money!"

They both burst out laughing as gayly as a couple of children. I declare I wished myself one of the party! But no. I had my duty to do as a respectable woman. My duty was to steal a little nearer, and see if any familiarities were passing between these two merry young people. One-half of the open window was sheltered, on the outer side, by a Venetian blind. I stood behind the blind and peeped in. (Duty! oh, dear me, painful but necessary duty!) Dubourg was sitting with his back to the window. Lucilla faced me opposite to him. Her cheeks were flushed with pleasure. She held in her lap a pretty little golden vase. Her clever fingers were passing over it rapidly, exactly as they had passed, the previous evening, over my face.

"Shall I tell you what the pattern is on your vase?" she went on.

"Can you really do that?"

"You shall judge for yourself. The pattern is made of leaves, with birds placed among them, at intervals. Stop! I think I have felt leaves like these on the old side of the rectory, against the wall. Ivy?"

"Amazing! it *is* ivy."

"The birds," she resumed. "I sha'n't be satisfied till I have told you what the birds are. Haven't I got silver birds like them—only much larger—for holding pepper and mustard and sugar and so on? Owls!" she exclaimed, with a cry of triumph. "Little owls, sitting in ivy nests. What a delightful pattern! I never heard of any thing like it before."

"Keep the vase," he said. "You will honor me, you will delight me, if you will keep the vase."

She rose and shook her head—without giving him back the vase, however.

"I might take it, if you were not a stranger," she said. "Why don't you tell us who you are, and what your reason is for living all by yourself in this dull place?"

He stood before her, with his head down, and sighed bitterly.

"I know I ought to explain myself," he answered. "I can't be surprised if people are suspicious of me." He paused, and added, very earnestly, "I can't tell it to *you*. Oh no, not to *you!*"

"Why not?"

"Don't ask me."

She felt for the table with her ivory cane, and put the vase down on it very unwillingly.

"Good-morning, Mr. Dubourg," she said.

He opened the door of the room for her in silence. Waiting close against the side of the house, I saw them appear under the porch and cross the little walled inclosure in front. As she stepped out on the open turf beyond she turned and spoke to him again.

"If you won't tell *me* your secret," she said, "will you tell it to some one else? Will you tell it to a friend of mine?"

"To what friend?" he asked.

"To the lady whom you met with me last night."

He hesitated. "I am afraid I offended the lady," he said.

"So much the more reason for your explaining yourself," she rejoined. "If you will only satisfy *her*, I might ask you to come and see us—I might even take the vase." With that strong hint she actually gave him her hand at parting. Her perfect self-possession, her easy familiarity with this stranger—so bold and yet so innocent—petrified me. "I shall send my friend to you this morning," she said, imperiously, striking her cane on the turf. "I insist on your telling her the whole truth."

With that she signed to him that he was to follow her no farther, and went her way back to the village.

Does it not surprise you, as it surprised me? Instead of her blindness making her nervous in the presence of a man unknown to her, it appeared to have exactly the contrary effect. It made her fearless.

He stood on the spot where she had left him, watching her as she receded in the distance. His manner toward her, in the house and out of the house, had exhibited, it is only fair to say, the utmost consideration and respect. Whatever shyness there had been between them was shyness entirely on his side. I had a short stuff dress on, which made no noise over the grass. I skirted the wall of the inclosure, and approached him unsuspected from behind. "The charming creature!" he said to himself, still following her with his eyes. As the words passed his lips I touched him smartly on the shoulder with my parasol.

"Mr. Dubourg," I said, "I am waiting to hear the truth."

He started violently, and confronted me in speechless dismay, his color coming and going like the color of a young girl. Any body who understands women will understand that this behavior on his part, far from softening me toward him, only encouraged me to bully him.

"In your present position in this place, Sir," I went on, "do you think it honorable conduct on your part to decoy a young lady, to whom you are a perfect stranger, into your house—a young lady who claims, in right of her sad affliction, even more than the usual forbearance and respect which a gentleman owes to her sex?"

His shifting color settled for the time into an angry red.

"You are doing me a great injustice, ma'am," he answered. "It is a shame to say that I have failed in respect to the young lady. I feel the sincerest admiration and compassion for her. Circumstances justify me in what I have done. I could not have acted otherwise. I refer you to the young lady herself."

His voice rose higher and higher. He was thoroughly offended with me. Need I add (seeing the prospect not far off of *his* bullying *me*) that I unblushingly shifted my ground, and tried a little civility next?

"If I have done you an injustice, Sir, I ask your pardon," I answered. "Having said so much, I have only to add that I shall be satisfied if I hear what the circumstances are from yourself."

This soothed his offended dignity. His gentler manner began to show itself again.

"The truth is," he said, "that I owe my introduction to the young lady to an ill-tempered little dog belonging to the people at the inn. The dog had followed the person here who attends on me; and it startled the lady by flying out and barking at her as she passed this house. After I had driven away the dog I begged her to come in and sit down until she had recovered herself. Am I to blame for doing that? I don't deny that I felt the deepest interest in her, and that I did my best to amuse her while she honored me by remaining in my house. May I ask if I have satisfied you?"

With the best will in the world to maintain my unfavorable opinion of him, I was, by this time, fairly forced to acknowledge to myself that the opinion was wrong. His explanation was, in tone and manner, as well as in language, the explanation of a gentleman.

And, besides—though he was a little too effeminate for my taste—he really was such a handsome young man! His hair was of a fine bright chestnut color, with a natural curl in it. His eyes were of the lightest brown I had ever seen—with a singularly winning, gentle, modest expression in them. As for his complexion—so creamy and spotless and fair—he had no right to it: it ought to have been a woman's complexion, or at least a boy's. He looked, indeed, more like a boy than a man: his smooth face was quite uncovered, either by beard, whisker, or mustache. If he had asked me, I should have guessed him (though he was really three years older) to have been younger than Lucilla.

"Our acquaintance has begun rather oddly, Sir," I said. "You spoke strangely to me last night; and I have spoken hastily to you this morning. Accept my excuses—and let us try if we can't do each other justice in the end. I have something more to say to you before we part. Will you think me a very extraordinary woman if I suggest that you may as well invite *me* next to take a chair in your house?"

He laughed with the pleasantest good temper, and led the way in.

We entered the room in which he had received Lucilla, and sat down together on the two chairs near the window—with this difference, that I contrived to possess myself of the seat which he had occupied, and so to place him with his face to the light.

"Mr. Dubourg," I began, "you will already have guessed that I overheard what Miss Finch said to you at parting?"

He bowed in silent acknowledgment that it was so, and began to toy nervously with the gold vase which Lucilla had left on the table.

"What do you propose to do?" I went on. "You have spoken of the interest you feel in my young friend. If it is a true interest, it will lead you to merit her good opinion by complying with her request. Tell me plainly, if you please. Will you come and see us, in the character of a gentleman who has satisfied two ladies that they can receive him as a neighbor and a friend? Or will you oblige me to warn the rector of Dimchurch that his daughter is in danger of permitting a doubtful character to force his acquaintance on her?"

He put the vase back on the table and turned deadly pale.

"If you knew what I have suffered," he said; "if you had gone through what I have been compelled to endure—" His voice failed him; his soft brown eyes moistened; his head drooped. He said no more.

In common with all women I like a man to *be* a man. There was, to my mind, something weak and womanish in the manner in which this Dubourg met the advance which I had made to him. He not only failed to move my pity—he was in danger of stirring up my contempt.

"I too have suffered," I answered. "I too have been compelled to endure. But there is this difference between us. *My* courage is not worn out. In your place, if I knew myself to be an honorable man, I would not allow the breath of suspicion to rest on me for an instant. Cost what it might, I would vindicate myself. I should be ashamed to cry. I should speak."

That stung him. He started up on his feet.

"Have *you* been stared at by hundreds of cruel eyes?" he burst out, passionately. "Have *you* been pointed at without mercy wherever you go? Have *you* been put in the pillory of the newspapers? Has the photograph proclaimed *your* infamous notoriety in all the shop windows?" He dropped back into his chair, and wrung his hands in a frenzy. "Oh, the public!" he exclaimed—"the horrible public! I can't get away from them. I can't hide myself even here. You have had your stare at me like the rest," he cried, turning on me fiercely. "I knew it when you passed me last night."

"I never saw you out of this place," I answered. "As for the portraits of you, whoever you may be, I know nothing about them. I was far too anxious and too wretched to amuse myself by looking into shop windows before I came here. You and your name are equally strange to me. If you have any respect for yourself, tell me who you are. Out with the truth, Sir. You know as well as I do that you have gone too far to stop."

I seized him by the hand. I was wrought up by the extraordinary outburst that had escaped him to the highest pitch of excitement. I was hardly conscious of what I said or did. At that supreme moment we enraged, we maddened each other. His hand closed convulsively on my hand. His eyes looked wildly into mine.

"Do you read the newspapers?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Have you seen—"

"I have *not* seen the name of Dubourg."

"My name is not 'Dubourg.'"

"What is it?"

He suddenly stooped over me and whispered his name in my ear.

In my turn I started, thunderstruck, to my feet.

"Good God!" I cried. "You are the man who was tried for murder last month, and who was all but hanged on the false testimony of a clock!"

THE COUNTY COURT-HOUSE.

About ten years ago there rose between the City Hall and Broadway, a little in the rear of the former, a high and unsightly wooden structure, which was said to conceal the foundations of the new County Court-house. The modest little edifice in the Park which had sufficed for the accommodation of the county courts had been some years before destroyed by fire, with a valuable library and much other property. To provide suitable quarters for the judges and other county officers became a necessity; and in 1858 the Legislature granted power to the Board of Supervisors to appoint commissioners to purchase ground for the site of a new building. The cost was limited to $250,000; but the commissioners, Messrs. **Wilson G. Hunt**, **J. R. Corlies**, and **James Salmon**, took a broader view of the necessities of the case, and expended in one lump $450,000 for the site, which was purchased from the city. During the official term of Mayor **Wood**, the Supervisors had every thing their own way; but during Mayor **Opdyke**'s administration the question of the legality of the appropriations was raised. The Mayor contended that the retirement of Mr. **Salmon** from the commission rendered its acts illegal, and refused to sign any warrants. In April, 1862, he appointed Mr. **T. G. Churchill** to fill the vacancy in the commission. The Supervisors took no notice of his action. The Mayor continued firm, and the Supervisors were exceedingly short.

The dead-lock continued for several months; but in December, 1862, the genius of Mr. **Tweed** suggested a remedy. He offered five resolutions in the Board of Supervisors taking the control entirely out of the hands of the Mayor and giving it to a special committee of their own body. The resolutions passed immediately, and the Mayor's objections were overruled by a decisive vote.

It was now generally supposed that the work would proceed rapidly, and that the building would be ready for occupation within two or three years. But two, three, five, ten years rolled away, and still the Court-house was not finished. The walls crept slowly upward. By-and-by they peered above the wooden inclosure, and took their first survey of the Park, struggled painfully upward for a year or two more, and were at length united by a massive roof. The process seemed like the gradual upheaval of a continent, perceptible only by measurements separated by cycles. People who saw it every day forgot when it begun, and at length came to regard it as something which had never had a beginning, and, probably, would never have an ending.

There was, however, no doubt in regard to the cost of the structure. The original appropriation, intended to cover the entire cost, was $250,000. The Board of Supervisors was not to be restrained by petty notions of legality or economy. Within seven years after the laying of the corner-stone of the new structure, *three and a half millions of dollars* had been expended upon it, and the result was—four walls and a roof!

While the Court-house was thus slowly progressing toward completion it was, in some unaccountable manner, in constant need of repairs, and sums which have been modestly characterized as "*perhaps* exorbitant" were required to make them. According to the statements of the New York *Times*, Mr. **Andrew J. Garvey** received during 1869 and 1870, for plastering and repairs, the sum of $2,870,464 06. This is considerably in excess of the original appropriation, and shows what contracted views the men must have had who supposed a Court-house could be built for $250,000. But Mr. **Garvey**'s charges sink into insignificance in comparison with those of Messrs. **Ingersoll & Co.**, who, during the same years, received, for furniture supplied to the new Court-house, and more repairs done to the same building, $5,663,646 83! During the same years the firm of **Keyser & Co.** received, for plumbing done in the same building, $1,231,817 76.

These figures show only a portion of the money expended upon a building which is not yet completed. Enormous sums, reaching into millions, have been spent for iron and stone and marble. The exact amount can not be ascertained, but enough has come to light to show that the cost of our new County Court-house exceeds that of the magnificent English House of Parliament, in which a dozen buildings like the Court-house might be stowed away in odd corners.

On page 836 we give a view of this costly structure.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

In the eighty-ninth number of *Nature* we find a communication from Mr. **Bonney** upon the total solar eclipse which is to take place in India, Ceylon, and Australia on the 11th of December, 1871, and a detail of the measures that are likely to be accomplished by the utilization of this phenomenon in the interest of science. It is not expected that any special expedition will be sent out from England, the local observers at Madras, Melbourne, and elsewhere being thought sufficient for the occasion. In the absence of an observatory at Ceylon, it is hoped that something may be done there to supply so necessary a means of research, under the auspices of the Royal Society and Royal Astronomical Society.

Year by year, as observations are made on solar phenomena with the continually improving instruments for research, the field of inquiry becomes narrowed, so that attention can be concentrated upon the remaining points; and Mr. **Lockyer**, in a paper read before the Royal Society, states that the points of special interest now are: first, spectroscopic observations made with a suitable instrument, equatorially mounted, and with reference spectra; secondly, photographic observations made in a camera with a large aperture and small focal length, equatorially mounted. The less important elements, although not undeserving of attention, are: first, photographs of the prominences; second, sketches of every thing but the changes in the corona; third, polariscopic observations; and fourth, observations of Baily's Beads.

Mr. **Lockyer** considers it important to have one instrument to determine the position of the prominences before and after totality. During totality they should not be observed at all, excepting incidentally. At each place (*i. e.*, India, Ceylon, Australia) the spectroscopes should be employed for half an hour (to be on the safe side) before totality, in scrutinizing the crescent at its narrowest place, and the chromosphere outside the following limb of the moon. At each place, as before defined, there should be a spectroscope, with a finder and equatorial motion (or some equivalent arrangement), directed to the sun's centre, to record any changes which take place in the spectrum from, say, half an hour before to half an hour after totality, and during totality, *bien entendu*. The relative darkness or brightness of the lines should be recorded every ten seconds. This spectroscope should have moderate dispersion, large object-glasses for collimator and telescope, and with focal length such that two or three degrees round the sun should be taken in (*i. e.*, one degree to one and a half from the sun's centre), and a large field.

Eight persons are considered necessary, as well as sufficient, for work at any one station—namely: one telescope-spectroscopic observer, two assistants; one photographer, two assistants; and one spectroscopic observer with an assistant.

The general observations pointed out as of extreme importance are, first, rays before, during, and after totality—their length, direction, and color; second, colors of the various layers of the chromosphere, and of clouds and landscape, the order of these being of great importance; third, dark rays or rifts—whether they change, and whether they extend to the dark moon or stop short above the denser layers of the chromosphere; fourth, the colors of the corona between bright or dark rays; fifth, all changes in corona; sixth, comparative brightness of rays and chromosphere and outward corona.

Dr. **J. D. Hooker**, the director of the Royal Gardens at Kew, has issued his report on the progress and condition of the gardens during the year 1870. The number of visitors was not quite so large in 1870 as in 1869. The improvements in the laying out of the grounds of the botanic gardens, which have been in progress for the last five years, are now nearly completed. The pleasure-grounds have suffered severely from the long drought of the summer of 1870, acting on an excessively poor natural soil. Very large numbers of trees have perished, especially the older elms, ashes, beeches, and sycamores. These are being replaced, and preparations have been made for the formation of the new pinetum, which will be immediately commenced. Notwithstanding the rage for planting conifers which has prevailed in England for many years, and which has almost supplanted the growth of hardy deciduous trees, no complete public arranged and named collection of conifers exists in that country. The museums, herbarium, and library have been enriched by numerous purchases and donations. In speaking of the exchange of plants and seeds effected from the gardens, Dr. **Hooker** states that the success of the cinchona plantations is now fully established in the Sikkim Himalaya, the Neilgherries, Khasia Mountains, Ceylon, and Jamaica. The bark from the first-named localities has commanded a price equal to the Peruvian in the English market. Great exertions are now being made by the Indian government to introduce the ipecacuanha plant into that country, for which purpose large numbers of plants have been sent out from the Kew Gardens. Some districts of India seem well suited for its cultivation.

The secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society publishes a communication from a correspondent in Iceland, dated June 30, referring to the unusual heat of that country during the present summer. The average temperature for June was as high as fifty-nine degrees, or twelve degrees higher than the mean temperature for the past four Junes. The wind has been blowing continually from the southwest, and the heat in the valleys is said to be quite insupportable.

Under the enlightened administration of the Coast Survey by its present head, great attention is being paid toward the speedy extension of our knowledge of the coast, not merely of the United States, but of North America generally, as well as that of the adjacent deep seas. We have already given the details of a proposed exploration of the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific, under the direction of Professor **Agassiz** and Count **Pourtalès**, and of the contribution on the part of Mr. **Thayer** toward the purely zoological expenses of the survey. Other new directions of effort are to be found in an examination of the western coast of Mexico and Central America from San Diego to Panama, as authorized by Congress at its last session, to be initiated as soon as suitable preparation can be made for the purpose. This was ordered especially in view of the fact of the growing trade of the United States with those regions, and the importance of determining the character of the coast, and the localities of the obstructions to navigation.

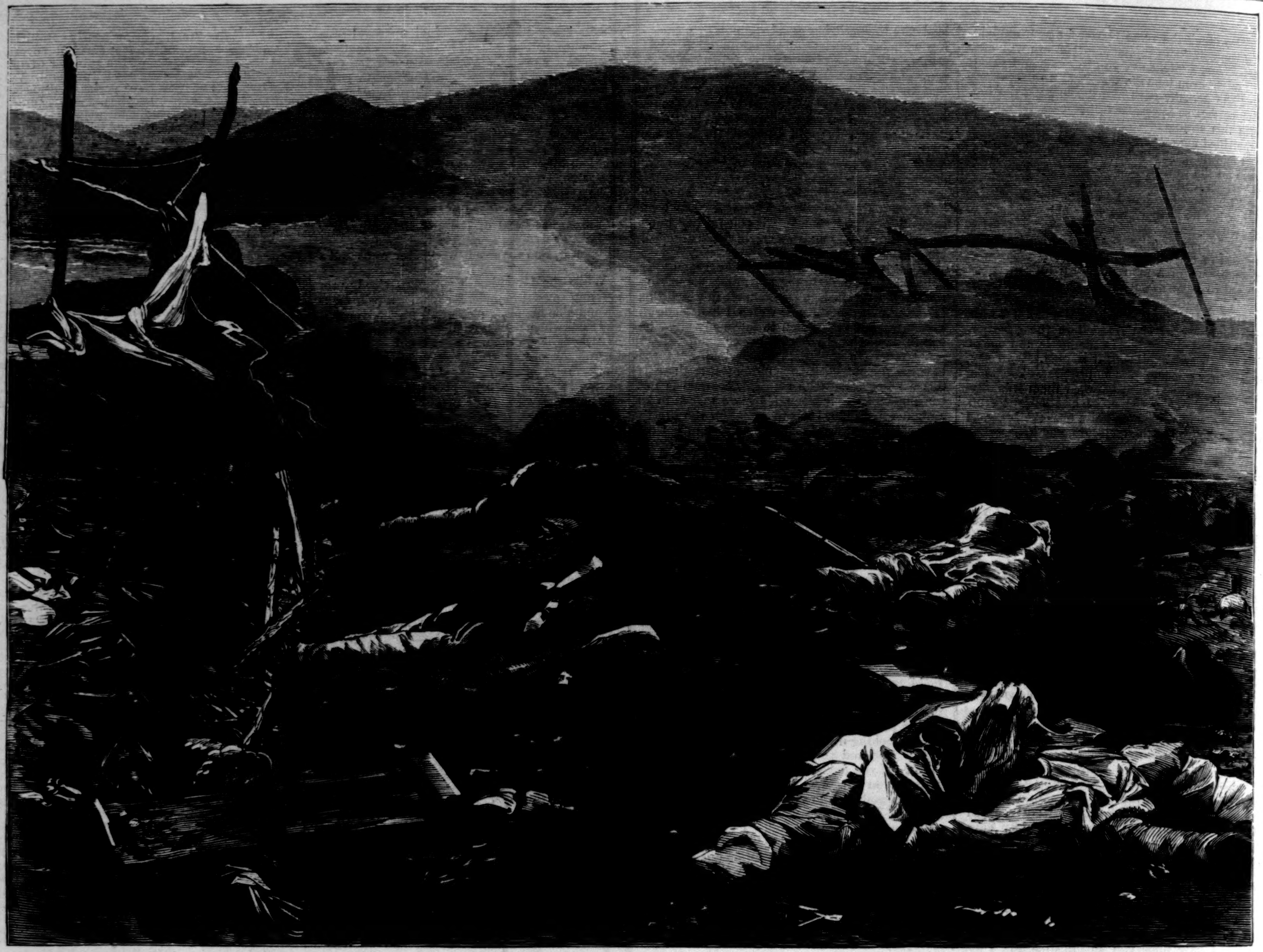
A third enterprise of the Coast Survey is that of a hydrographic reconnoissance of the Aleutian Islands and the adjacent coast of Alaska, under the direction of Mr. **William H. Dall**, so well and favorably known from his previous labors in that country, as embodied in the work entitled "Alaska and its Resources." Mr. **Dall** is now in San Francisco, and expects to leave in a short time for the field of his operations, to be absent a year or more. He is accompanied by Mr. **M. W. Harrington**, of Ann Arbor, as astronomer, and goes prepared to carry on the work in all its details, including the preparation of charts, soundings of the bottom, determinations of temperature, the chemical constitution of the water, the deep-sea fauna, etc.

A late article in *Land and Water* upon the time when the principal food fish are in season remarks that salmon may be eaten from the middle of February or beginning of March until the end of August or beginning of September, those sent from Norway coming still earlier. Turbot, sole, and brill are eaten the year round, although they are best from October to May. Lobsters and crabs are best from April to October, and oysters, of course, during the *r* months.

The death is announced of Mr. **William P. Turnbull**, of Philadelphia, at the age of forty-one. This gentleman was born in Scotland, but had resided for a number of years in Philadelphia, where he was well known as an ornithologist of considerable eminence. He occupied himself for a time in collecting a very complete library of works relating to American ornithology, and also in securing manuscripts, letters, and original drawings of **Alexander Wilson**. As an author he was known by the publication of two works: the first, a list of the birds of East Lothian, published in Glasgow; the second, a list of the birds of East Pennsylvania and New Jersey, both of them noted for the beauty of their typography and the accuracy of their indications. He was for many years an active member of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, and his loss will be much felt by that institution.

The expedition of Professor **Hayden** continues to advance in the direction of its special field of inquiry, the Yellow Stone Lake, and on the 20th of July last had reached within sixty-five miles of it. They had at that time investigated and mapped part of the Yellow Stone range of mountains, and found it to be one of the most magnificent regions on the continent. The geology was found to be largely basaltic, some of it of recent volcanic character, and the valley of the river they state to be beautiful and fertile beyond description.

Mr. **Octave Pavé**, a gentleman of French extraction, and, it is said, formerly a resident of New Orleans, has been lately in San Francisco preparing for his proposed visit to Wrangell's Land—an island of which we have already made mention as having been discovered several years ago by Captain **Long**, to the northwest of Behring Strait, off the coast of Siberia. Mr. **Pavé** proposes to go to Cape Yakan as the nearest point, and to embark thence in an India rubber boat for the region referred to. This boat is so arranged as to serve as a sled on land and a boat in the water, and much is expected from its performances. Should Wrangell's Land be reached, the subject of proceeding still further to the northwest will be entertained, with the idea that possibly a route to the pole may be found in that direction.



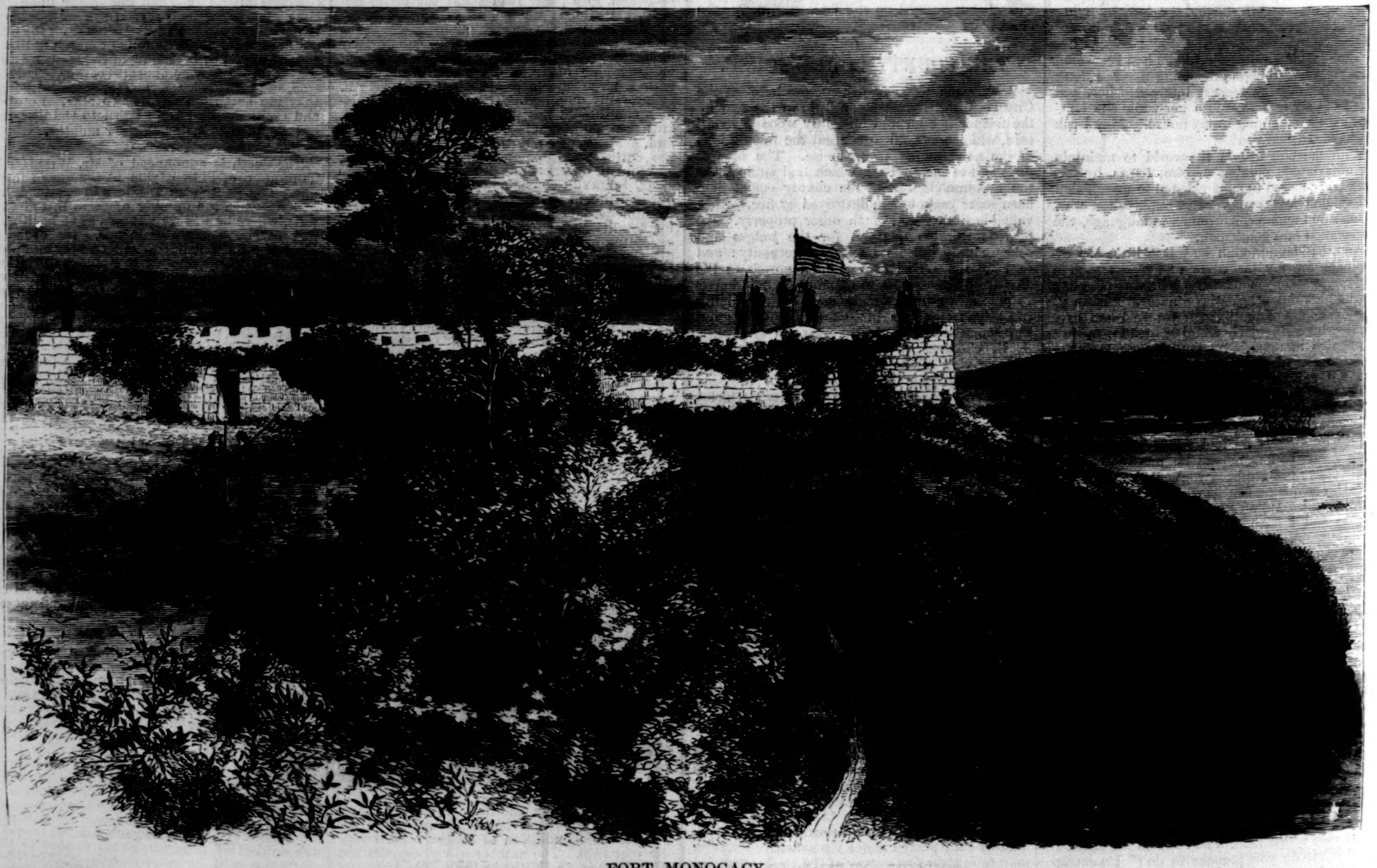
INTERIOR OF FORT M'KEE.

THE COREAN WAR.

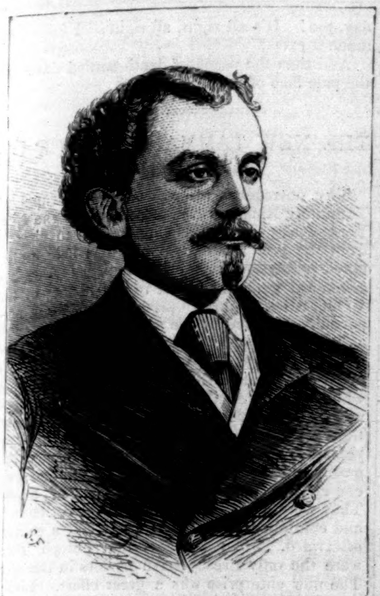
Our readers are already in possession of the main facts of Admiral Rodgers's short but decisive campaign against the Corean barbarians, and only a brief *résumé* will be necessary to explain the illustrations on this and the following page, engraved from photographs taken on the spot by our special artist, Sr. F. Beatto, who accompanied the expedition as the official photographer.

The first illustration shows the interior of Fort M'Kee, so named in honor of the gallant young officer who was killed in the attack. It will be remembered that the expedition was undertaken with the purpose of effecting a treaty with the Coreans which should secure safety to any of our sailors who might hereafter be shipwrecked on the Corean coast. Minister Low was charged with the negotiation, but was instructed to confer fully at every step with Admiral Rodgers. The object of sending the fleet was to afford suitable conveyance to Minister Low, and to protect him if necessary; and hostilities were not to be engaged in unless an attack was made upon our forces.

The fleet arrived off the mouth of Salt River about the last of May. Communication was at



FORT MONOCACY.

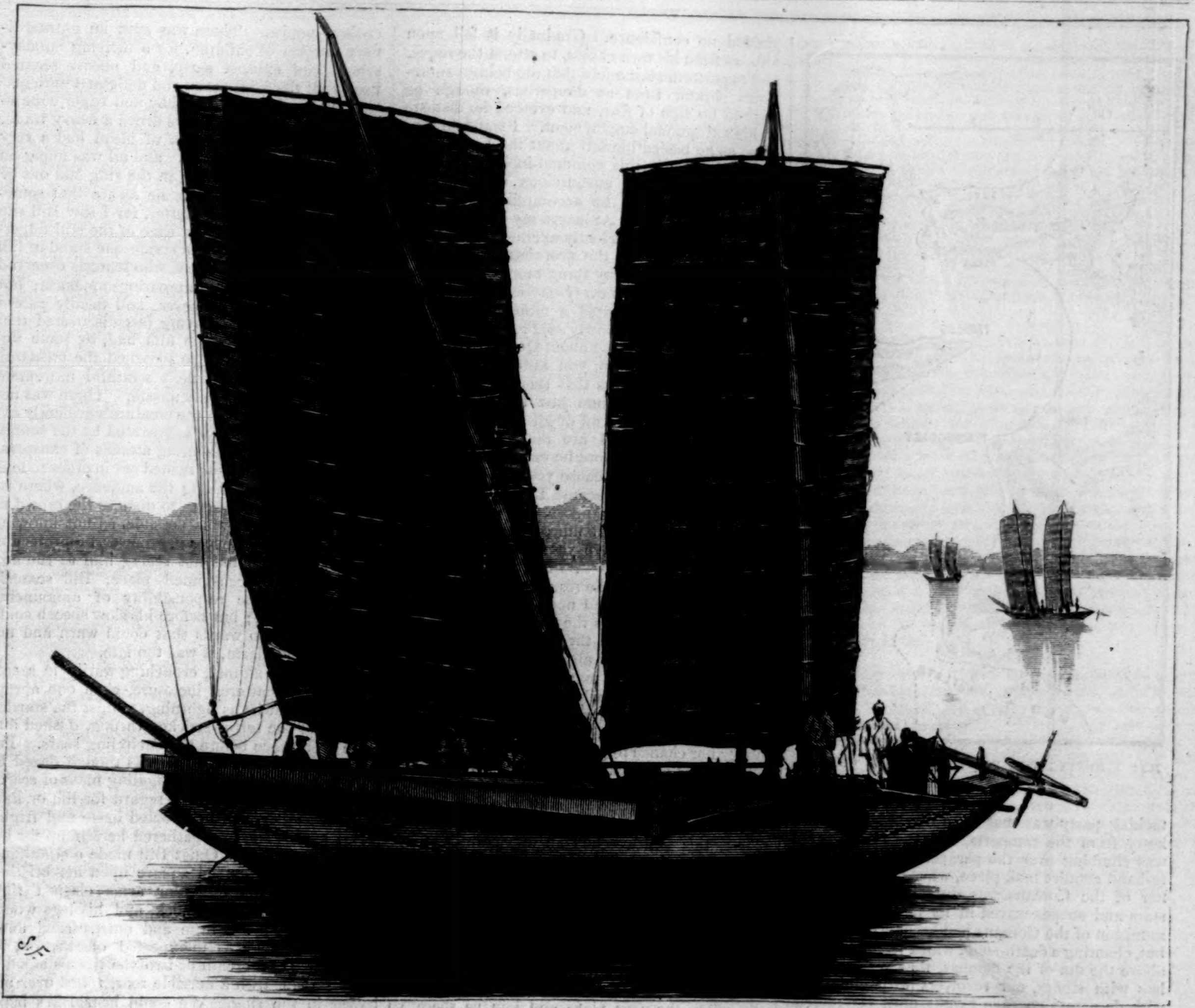


LIEUTENANT M'KEE.

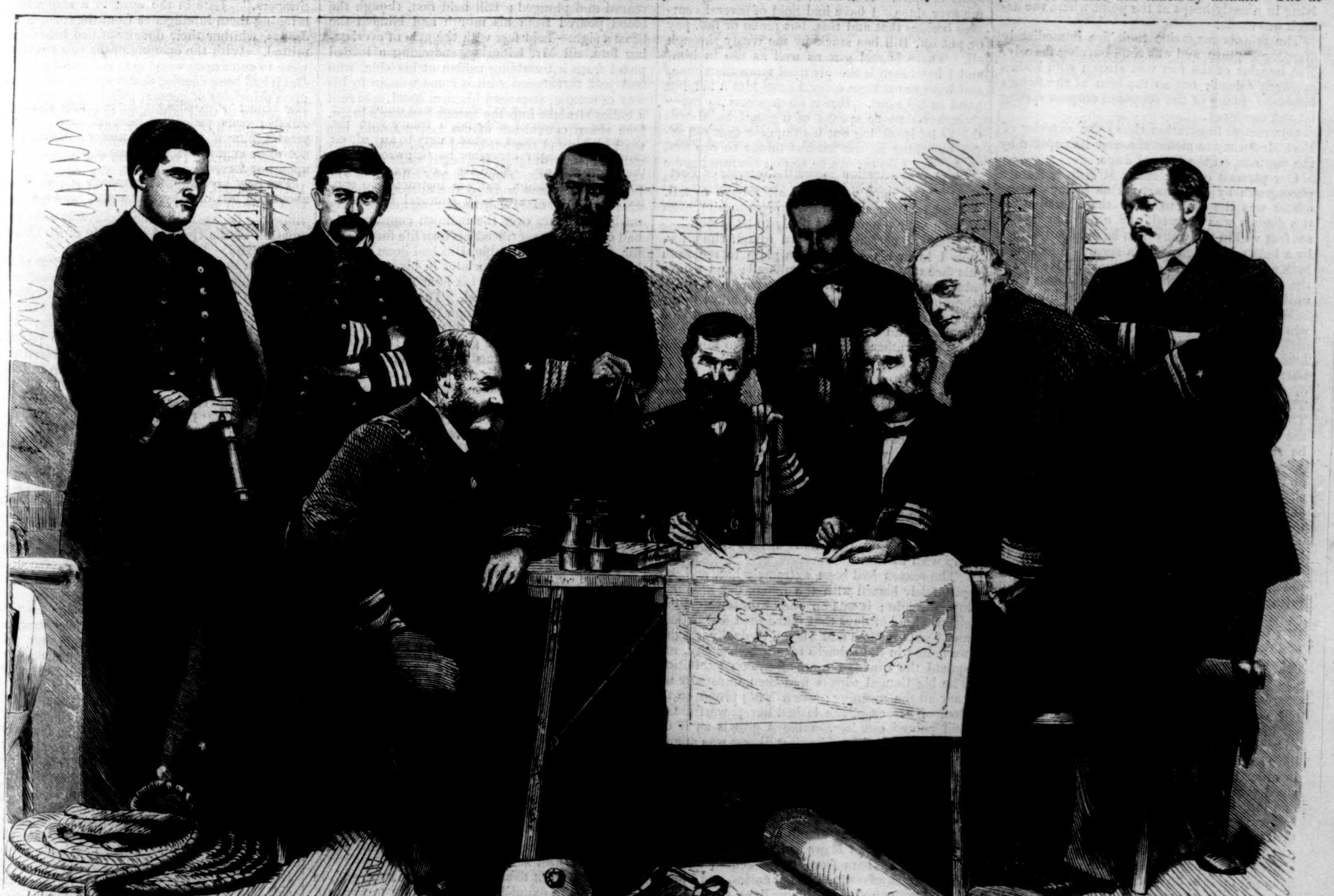
once opened with the authorities, who readily gave the fleet permission to make a survey of the river. The survey was undertaken on the 1st of June, and was proceeding quietly until the boats reached a bend in the river, where an attack was made upon them from an ambuscade. The attack was repulsed with great promptitude and gallantry, and the enemy was driven from his guns and position. The Corean government having failed to apologize for this treacherous attack, an expedition was dispatched on the 10th of June to bring the enemy to his senses and to terms. In his official dispatch to the government Admiral Rodgers says:

"The operations of 10th and 11th inst., which resulted in the capture of five smaller forts, culminated on the 11th in taking by assault the enemy's stronghold, located in a most formidable position, at a very dangerous part of the river, and desperately defended. Two hundred and forty-three of the enemy's dead were counted within and around these works, and fifty flags were taken. The works were formidable not only from the natural features of the land, from shoals and violent currents in the river, but rendered artificially so by hundreds of weapons of various kinds placed by the enemy for their defense. The gallant band which encountered and overcame the perils of the navigation, which fought its way, against vastly superior numbers, through mud and marsh, over precipitous hills and across difficult ravines, and finally stormed and captured the enemy's stronghold, is worthy of all praise."

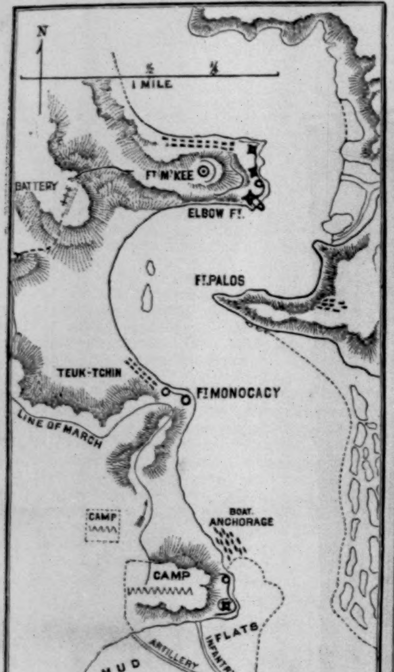
Fort M'Kee was taken by assault. The at-



COREAN JUNK, BEARING DISPATCHES TO THE FLEET.


Staff Lieutenant.
Capt. Kemberly.
Com. M'Crea.
Com. Blake.
Capt. Cooper.
Secretary to Admiral.
Capt. Nichols.
Admiral John Rodgers.
Staff Lieutenant.

COUNCIL OF WAR ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP "COLORADO."



MAP. SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE COREAN FORTS.

tacking party was met by a discharge of musketry from the ramparts, and the next instant was climbing over the parapet. A brief hand-to-hand conflict took place, when the yellow banner of the Coreans was drawn down and the stars and stripes waved in its place. The ammunition of the Coreans had become exhausted; but, chanting a death-song, which resounded high above the din of the combat, they met our bullets with stones, our revolvers with clubs, and with desperate courage fought until conquered. Our men never flinched, but fought nobly, and won the day. Lieutenant M'Kee and three soldiers met death at this place. Our artist has portrayed a vivid view of the interior of the fort immediately after capture, the bodies of the dead lying in ghastly heaps at the point where the assault was made.

The powder-magazine took fire immediately after the capture, and was soon burning fiercely. The interior of the fort was strewn with bodies apparently dead; but as the heat of the flames increased, many of the supposed corpses sprang up and ran away.

Our second illustration shows the exterior of Fort Monocacy immediately after its capture by the marines, on the 11th of June.

Our portrait of Lieutenant M'Kee is from a photograph by W. Kurz. This gallant young officer was the first to enter the citadel when the assault was ordered, and no sooner had he set foot within the walls than he fell dead, struck by a bullet and pierced by a spear. Lieutenant M'Kee was a citizen of Kentucky. He was in the very prime of manhood, and his death was universally regretted by all who knew him.

We also give a picture of the Corean junk which put off to the fleet immediately after its arrival. On its approaching the *Colorado* Mr. Drew, acting secretary of legation, went on board, and finding messengers from the Prefect of Foo Ping, invited them on board the ship. They manifested great interest in every thing. The crew of the junk were soon dispersed about the *Colorado*, and in every nook and corner could be seen some Corean loading himself up with jars, empty bottles, hard-tack, *Harper's Weekly*, and other wonders to the uncivilized. They showed perfect confidence in our friendliness, and it was with difficulty the officials could get together the junk's crew upon their departure.

Our last illustration shows the council of war held on board the flag-ship *Colorado* before the attack of June 10. The names of the officers present are printed beneath the picture, and no further explanation is required. The accompanying map will be useful as showing the situation of the forts—five in all—which were taken and demolished by the fleet.

MAKING IT EVEN.

I am an animal painter. I have studied my art in nearly every menagerie in the country, and so have come in contact with strange people, and have seen uncommon sights; and thus it was that, in order to draw at my leisure some newly arrived creatures with the wildness of the desert and jungle still within them, I joined a traveling company for the summer, and so beheld the thrilling scene I here record.

The owner of the show was a good-hearted soul of the rolling-stone sort, who never gathered as much moss as he deserved, and yet allowed no fungus of funds to interfere with social fellowship or a kindly action; and consequently the people about him worked with a friendly will, and except during the necessary journeying and labor there were generally jolly times among the employés of the Grand Unrivaled Cosmopolitan Menagerie. There was only one man who never larked and never sang, never joked and never grumbled; who, always silent without being surly, took his share of things to do, and seemed to set himself apart from his comrades in sheer loneliness of spirit that shirked no toil and yielded no confidence. Gradually it fell upon him, as from his own choice, to attend the cages, and to perform all the jobs that the boldest sometimes shrank from as dangerous, though he showed no sign of fear, and evinced no distaste of his exceptional employment. I watched him often as he busied himself about the beasts, and had to admire in this common-looking and uncultivated man the unconscious coolness and courage with which he accomplished his self-appropriated tasks. At length my curiosity concerning him was sufficiently excited to cause me to ask Mr. Kingsley, the proprietor of the menagerie, if he knew any thing more of him than what appeared on his every-day surface.

Mr. Kingsley hesitated a moment before he answered, and then slowly said: "I am rather sorry you questioned me about Quiet Bill—that's what the men call him, you know—for no one else has cared to guess that there may be more connected with him than just the business he seems to belong to; and of all the folks in this caravansary he and I are the only ones that know what he was before he came here; and if I tell you, it is just because you see the man's a man for a' that, and because I know you'll keep the secret. I don't suppose you remember, as the papers are so full of murders nowadays, one that was committed five years ago in the little country town of C——. Not a cold-blooded atrocity, though, but the result of jealousy, provocation, and liquor, and not altogether unjustifiable, either. Bill was the chap that did it, and only escaped hanging through having a smart lawyer, and got off in about the same way that 'not proven' sets a man free after a Scotch trial. But the people where he lived would have nothing to do with him; and he staid among them like an outlaw, for he had neither the money nor chance to go away, and could scarcely get a stroke of work that would earn his daily bread. I was head of a small circus then—not such a stunning concern as this on hand now; and when we put up the tent for a single day at C—— this Bill watched an opportunity to get hold of me alone, and when no one else could notice him, and told me his whole story, begging me to give him something to do to keep him from starving and suicide; and he had such a hunted-down and woe-begone look that I couldn't help pitying the poor fellow; and though I wasn't very able to take on another soul just then, I gave him what change I could spare, and bade him slip off to the next place and join us there, so that the rest of my men shouldn't know any thing about his history, and chaff him about his past—for they are a rough lot sometimes, and not overparticular about hurting feelings either in sport or spite. And so he has been along with me ever since. I have had hold of several ventures besides that and this, but make or fail, pay or put off, Bill has stuck by me trusty through all. There is real grit as well as use in him, and I have seen it sharply tried more than once, and have never been sorry I gave him a helping hand in his need. But it often seems to me—though he never speaks of it—that he always thinks he is serving out his time for that old affair by taking up the hardest things he can find to do; for I do believe he has on his mind some rude idea of personal atonement for the blood he shed. And now you know all I have to tell. Do not let it speak out of your eyes to him, even though your tongue ain't likely to let it slip."

I had no occasion to guard myself thus, for, now I knew his story, it was plain to me from his face that Quiet Bill had suffered; and I have always held the doctrine that where a sin is thoroughly repented of, men should allow to die out of remembrance that which the good God forgives; and so, after a silent fashion, he and I became rather friendly: I talked to him, and made him talk some also about the creatures in his charge, and praised him a little once or twice, and saw the dark blood sweep up to his brow like a girl's blush; and after a while, when he had leisure, he would come and sit near me while I was sketching, and take curious but wordless note of my work, and occasionally shyly suggested to me slight points that caused me to wonder at his close and quick observation. Mr. Kingsley had always a cheery something to say to him; and as I look back now I am glad to think that Bill seemed to take unusual comfort, as time went on, out of his distant companionship with us two.

The season had been extremely hot, and August fairly blazed with the fierce, dry heat of a long drought; it was on one of those scorching, electric kind of days that make men feel listless, and beasts restless and wicked to deal with, that we halted in the suburbs of a growing city, and spread the canvas for an afternoon exhibition. The big Bengal tigress had been unusually uneasy all the morning; when lying prone on the floor of her cage, she lashed her powerful tail, and panted out low, ominous growls as if the blood-thirsty spirit of her lost liberty was angrily astir; and she would start up with a sudden bound that shook her prison, and impatiently pace its narrow limits, with yellow eyes all aflame, and snarling lip drawn up over the strong and hungry-looking teeth; and once or twice she rolled herself against the thick wires, and caught them in her great claws as if she longed to tear the resisting bars from their secured sockets. Bill kept careful watch on her antics, and I heard him say to himself, "There'll be trouble with that vixen." But the rest of the collection were feverish and fretful too, and between furnishing them all with fresh drinks, and throwing water on some to cool them off, he had quite as much as he could do before the hour fixed for the performance, without devoting especial attention to any one animal.

There was a crowded audience from far and near; whole families, from the father down to the babe in arms, were ranged on the hard benches to enjoy the acting elephants and the precocious ponies. There was even an extraordinary number of children, for a thriving Sunday-school had entered early, and noisily secured nearly all the front seats, and delighted anticipation shone on rows of chubby and eager countenances. The pea-nut boys drove a heavy trade, and the vendors of mugs of mead had a very profitable and active time; and all was going on merry as a marriage bell, in the ring and out of it, when I suddenly became aware that something serious was the matter, for I saw Bill slip quickly from behind the cage of the still fidgeting tigress, and come to a statuesque stand in full front of the amused people, who scarcely observed him, amidst a round of uproarious applause; but he was in his shirt sleeves, and deadly pale—as well he might be, having just discovered that the mighty beast beside him had, by some unnoticed frantic effort, so loosened the structure of her cage that her next wrathful movement would render it fearfully unsafe. There was not a minute to be lost in the creature's evidently excited condition, farther aggravated by the sounds of the band and tormenting attacks of exasperating flies; and Bill had rushed out in order to look for Mr. Kingsley among the audience, where he usually sat, and tell him to dismiss the crowd as rapidly and quietly as possible, as not knowing what instant the necessary power of protection would be past; but not seeing him at the moment in his accustomed place, Bill scarcely hesitated at the responsibility of announcing danger himself; but before his slow speech could be framed into words that could warn and not too severely alarm, it was too late.

The awful animal, crouching warily in a corner of its shattered inclosure, gave one abrupt vault, and swift as lightning, amidst the startled shriek of the terror-stricken throng, dashed into the open space before the encircling seats. For a second it stood still there as though dazed by its freedom, while the struggling mass of scared humanity, with scarce a regard for life or limb in each other, fled in frenzied haste and fright. But just as she had gathered herself up for her second spring our Quiet Bill made a simultaneous leap, and landed square upon her bristling back, with his muscular arms clasped tight around her swelling neck, and his legs wound close around the lithe and outstretched loins. Dismayed by this unexpected obstruction, for the space of a breath or two the tigress stood at bay; then, with a horrible roar, rolled over and over in the ring. We could hear Bill's bones break beneath her appalling efforts to dislodge him, for a sudden silence fell upon the selfish crowd that swayed aside from flight to watch this shocking contest between undaunted man and untamed brute. In vain she turned and twisted, reared and plunged; Bill held fast, though the blood poured from his mouth and blinded the beast's sight—held fast with the grip of everlasting fate, till Mr. Kingsley, snatching a loaded pistol from a trembling ruffian at his side, who had just threatened with it some women in his way of escape, stretched his firm hand, and sent a bullet straight into the savage creature's brain. One sharp convulsion of the heavy frame, one final heaving of the burdened back, and she lay still at last, with Quiet Bill partly underneath her crushing weight. Tender hands lifted him and bore his senseless body to the nearest comfortable place, and more than one strong man dropped unshamed tears over the maimed comrade who had so gallantly sacrificed his own life for others; for, if not companionable, Bill had done many a kindly deed for his associates in his own unobtrusive way, that, when his hour of trial came, the roughest remembered. Turn by turn we watched by him, but we knew that nothing more could be done for him in this world; and even in his agony he was so grateful for the interest manifested that it seemed as if he wondered that any had cared for him, and it was touching to hear him gasp out between his throes of anguish, "how good we all were to him!"

But the end came soon. The doctor told him, and he heard it calmly and bore it bravely. Mr. Kingsley and I were beside him a few moments after, when he turned to the former and earnestly said,

"I think I've made it even, Sir."

"What, Bill?"

"Why, you know, Sir, I took a life; and I reckon I saved one the other day, didn't I?"

Mr. Kingsley took the cold hand in both of his own. "Yes, indeed, Bill; many more than one, perhaps, and gave yours too!"

"Then *you* think it's even?"

"Yes, Bill, I do."

"And do you believe that He, the great Judge who knows all things, will hold it even too?"

"Yes, Bill, I do think so; for He is full of mercy and loving-kindness."

"But He is just too," murmured the dying voice; "for I heard a preacher once say He wanted an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and then I knew I must somehow give Him a life for the one I slew, and I've always been lookin' out for the chance. It was long a-comin'; but I got it at last; and I thank Him for lettin' me make it even."

Mr. Kingsley was crying like a child. "My good old Bill," he said, "I am so sorry to lose you. You have been a faithful servant, and I shall miss you more than I can say."

A glad light flashed into the dim eyes, and, in spite of the exquisite pain of every movement, he made one supreme effort, and lifted Mr. Kingsley's hand to his white lips.

"God bless you, Sir!" he gasped out. "You took me when all the world kicked me out, and you've never given me a mean word. God bless you; you're all in life I'm loath to leave!" Then he lay silent for a little while, and we thought he was asleep, and would pass away so; but suddenly he was looking at us wide awake, and spoke out, firm and clear:

"And there was such a lot of little uns that day, too! It's all right, all right! I *know* I've made it even!"

And then the peace of death settled down on the pale face of Quiet Bill.

THE NEW TAMMANY ATTACK ON THE PRESS.

The outrageous attempt of the unscrupulous Tammany Ring to revenge itself upon the New York *Times* by commencing a suit to eject it from the premises of which it has held undisputed possession for the last fourteen years has awakened general interest in the history of the "Old Brick Church" property, which is now partially occupied by the splendid edifice known as "The *Times* Building." Fourteen years ago that church was still one of the old landmarks of New York, and there were still living persons who remembered when the site on which it stood was in the outskirts of the town. The foundations were laid in 1767, more than a hundred years ago. The corporation of the city had granted the congregation a tract of ground for a church "in the fields," quite "out of town." They were a branch of the Wall Street church, and continued to be so for nearly half a century afterward. John Rodgers and Joseph Treat were the only Presbyterian pastors in the city. The new enterprise was a great effort. Living men could remember how, more than fifty years before, Rev. Mr. M'Kennie had to pay £83 costs to be released from the prison to which Lord Cornbury consigned him for preaching without license. A few years later (1729) the Governor's council advised him against granting the petition of the Wall Street congregation "on Stoutenburg's garden" for a charter of incorporation. "We do advise and desire your Excellency," they said, "to transmit to the Right Honorable the Lords of Trade and Plantations a coppy of the same Petition and the proceedings thereupon, desiring their Lordships to obtain the opinion of his Majesties learned Council on the subject-matter of said Petition, and to transmit the same to your Excellency." What those proceedings were they state themselves. "We have heard council in behalf of the Petitioners, and council in behalf of Rector and Churchwardens of Trinity Church against the Petition." Long years had intervened, and still, as the corner-stone of the Brick Church was laid "in the fields," this commonest right of civil justice was not done them. As the walls went up they waited anxiously to hear from across the Atlantic an answer to their repeated petition signed by "John Rodgers, V.D.M., and Joseph Treat, V.D.M., for themselves and the rest of the petitioners." Late in the autumn a ship arrived bringing them intelligence from the court of St. James, whither their document had been transmitted. With the opening of the new year they were to enter upon worship in the new sanctuary. But it had been decided that "it is not expedient, upon principles of general policy, to comply with the prayer of the Petition, or to give the Presbyterian Church of New York any other privileges and immunities than it is entitled to by the laws of Toleration." The petition was dismissed the board by his Majesty, with the advice of his Privy Council. The property of the Presbyterian Church since 1732 had been, and still continued to be, vested in the Moderator and Commission of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

But in spite of the denial of a charter of incorporation the Presbyterian Church continued slowly to increase. Twenty years had sufficed to fill the large stone church of Wall Street—eighty feet by sixty—full to overflowing. The church "in the fields" had begun to prosper, when the war of the Revolution intervened. Wall Street church was converted into barracks for the soldiers; the Brick Church into a hospital. Strange scenes took place within those sacred walls. "I have gone into the churches," says Ethan Allen, "and seen sundry of the prisoners in the agonies of death, in consequence of very hunger, and others speechless and near death, biting pieces of chips; others pleading for God's sake for something to eat, and at the same time shivering with cold. Hollow groans saluted my ears, and despair seemed to be imprinted on every one of their countenances. The filth of these churches......was almost beyond description......I have seen in one of them seven dead, at the same time, lying among the excrements of their bodies."

On the close of the long war the scattered congregations re-assembled in their desecrated churches. Rev. James Wilson and Rev. John M'Knight were successively installed collegiate pastors, and in 1793 Samuel Miller completed the triumvirate of the pastorate. Meanwhile, almost contemporary with the Old Brick Church, arose the first Associate Reformed Church of Cedar Street. The city was extending far toward the northeast, and in 1798 the Rutger's Street church was opened for worship. This, with the Old Brick and Wall Street churches, till April, 1809, composed but one collegiate charge. In an orderly manner they were then separated by the action of Presbytery, and their history thenceforth becomes distinct. At the suggestion of Dr. Rodgers, already far advanced in years, the Old Brick Church was led to seek further ministerial aid. In June, 1810, the church called as their pastor the Rev. Gardiner Spring, whose pastorate covered nearly the whole period of the separate existence of the church. Three times the old edifice was overhauled, but the same walls stood from the year 1767 to 1857—the patriarch of New York churches for nearly a century!

In 1857 the Old Brick Church was forced to yield to the up-town current, and the property was sold, under the following circumstances. The ground, bounded by Park Row, Beekman and Nassau streets, and Printing-house Square, had been deeded to the trustees of the church, with the proviso that if the land should be used for any other than a religious purpose it should revert to the city. When the church wished to remove up town the property was offered to the general government for a Post-office site; but it was found, on investigation, that the trustees could not give a valid title. Subsequently the proprietors of the New York *Times* fixed upon the site as an eligible one for a newspaper office; and, after some negotiations, the city government agreed, for the sum of $50,000, to surrender all claim to the property. The transfer was at once consummated. On the receipt of its share of the purchase-money the city government gave the proprietors of the *Times* a quit-claim deed of the property, signed by the Mayor and other officials. From that time to the present, a period of more than fourteen years, they have remained in undisputed possession of the ground, upon which they have erected a building the value of which is estimated at half a million of dollars.

It will be seen from this brief *résumé* that this property has changed hands but twice in the course of a century. From time immemorial the title had been vested in the city. By the city it was deeded, under certain conditions, to the trustees of the Brick Church, by whom it was sold to the proprietors of the *Times*, the city waiving its claims in consideration of a large sum of money. Its right to do this was then unquestioned; and it would have remained forever undisputed but for the damaging exposure of the Tammany Ring which appeared in the columns of the *Times*.

Then it was that Mayor Hall, exasperated by his inability to answer or buy off the *Times*, suddenly remembered that he had been unfaithful to a sacred religious trust! For fourteen years this consecrated ground had been perverted to secular uses. A newspaper, and, still worse, a Republican newspaper, had occupied premises which the city fathers of an earlier day had solemnly set apart for sacred purposes! The Mayor's awakened conscience was, perhaps, also stung by the recollection that he himself had once been a "favored contributor" to the columns of the paper, and was thus a participator in the desecration. Shocked by the discovery of his delinquency to the cause of Christianity, the Mayor, clothing himself in metaphorical sackcloth, and strewing metaphorical ashes on his head, rushed into the presence of the Board of Aldermen, and procured the passage of the following resolution, which was moved by Alderman Woltman:

Whereas, Eminent counsel are of the opinion that the title to the land known as the Brick Church property, bounded by Park Row, Nassau Street, and Beekman Street, is vested in the corporation of this city, such title never having been legally or equitably divested, and it is the duty of the corporate authorities to recover possession of this valuable property; therefore,

Resolved, That the Mayor be, and he is hereby authorized and directed to take immediate proceedings, in the name and on behalf of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the city of New York, to recover possession of the said property.

The real motive for this movement is known to be personal animosity toward the men who have exposed the frauds of the Tammany Ring, and it is regarded by all fair-minded men as a most outrageous attack upon the freedom of the press. We give below a few extracts from newspapers of high standing, some of which are not in sympathy with the *Times*, to show how this act of enraged folly has been received by the people:

The New York *Evening Post* says:

"......No one imagines that any question would have been raised as to the title of the *Times* to its land but for its bitter hostility to 'the Ring.' It is not to be supposed that either the Aldermen or Mayor can expect to recover the property, but it is in their power to involve the *Times* in a tedious and expensive litigation, and, by spending a vast amount of the public money, compel the *Times* to spend a considerable sum of its own. Is this the manner in which our municipal 'statesmen' avenge their private grievances?

"This matter has already been carried far enough to demand the attention of the press of the entire country, and especially of this city. The passage of the resolution in question by the Aldermen is a distinct threat by our city fathers against the liberty of the press. It is a declaration that the official power of the government will be used to punish attacks made by the press for public reasons upon public men. It is a notice to every journal that it shall not criticise and denounce fraudulent acts by our rulers, under penalty of a persecution which, on the most frivolous pretexts, may inflict serious loss.

"There is no palliation for this interference with the freedom of the press. Think what we may of the policy, the manners, and the language of the *Times*, these things are matters for the criticism of public opinion, to which that journal appeals. They can not be made a pretext for assailing it by underhand means, for unjust legal attacks on its property, for frivolous persecutions sustained by the public treasury, and evidently designed only to annoy or to silence. Before such attacks as this the cause of the journal in question becomes the cause of the whole press and of the whole people.

"This is an outrage to which New York will not submit. We greatly mistake the temper of a free people if an effort by our city government to silence the press by persecution be not met with a more general and more indignant protest than even the continued suppression of the public accounts. Let it go out to the people of this country that 'the Tammany Ring' is bent on annoying the *Times* with a frivolous lawsuit in order to revenge itself for the 'exposures' made by it, and Messrs. Hall and Connolly will find that they have done more than public men ever did before to give popularity and influence to a journal."

The Brooklyn *Eagle* (Democratic) remarks:

"The Tammany people must be losing their wits.......Such a piece of petty and impossible vexation shows the Ring to be as insanely and suicidally mean in small things as they are criminally impenetrable in great things. The men who attempt such a side war as this will demonstrate themselves to be as great fools as their journalistic adversary has demonstrated them to be knaves. It is not the money the *Times* paid to secure its land that needs investigation, but the money the *Times* has proved the Ring paid Garvey, Ingersoll, Keyser, and the rest of the breed."

The New York *Tribune* says:

"Tammany appears to have as much confidence in its judiciary as the elder Mr. Weller had in an alibi. It has seen receivers put to such vile uses in recent days that it evidently thinks these instruments infallible when foul work is to be done. It is stated that the Common Council has authorized Mr. Hall to commence suit against the *Times* newspaper to eject it from the premises it now occupies, and pending the suit the conspirators hope to gain possession of the office by means of a receiver. It will not do to treat this intention with the contempt it might seem at first to merit. We have witnessed during the past year such lamentable and shameless prostitution of the judicial character in this city that there is scarcely any depth of outrage to which some of our judges may not descend without greatly astonishing this patient public. But if there is one atom of common-sense left in that Ring of shrewd schemers, who have certainly shown great cleverness in plundering and defying the city through a term of years, they will think twice before they attempt, by the power of money and judicial corruption, to muzzle the press."

The Boston *Traveller* says:

"......Any where else this attempt, if made, would be a failure, as the title to the property is unquestionably a good one; but Tammany controls the courts of the city, and the judges make such decrees as the Ring may dictate. We shall not be surprised, therefore, to see the owners of the building put to much trouble and expense, though they must finally triumph over the malevolence which dictates the movement."

The Philadelphia *Post* says:

"......It is a deliberately organized piece of revenge upon that fearless journal for its course in exposing the corruptions of that gigantic leech upon the New York treasury. Whatever be the result of the struggle, the step is in itself evidence of the truth of the charges of the *Times*, and the persecution of that paper is only the natural hatred that every advocate of reform provokes."

We might fill our columns with similar expressions of the popular indignation, which the Tammany outrage against the press has awakened throughout the country. The better class of Democratic papers make common cause with their Republican contemporaries against this new attack upon one of the chief bulwarks of freedom and liberal institutions. The Tammany chiefs will find that their mad attempt to crush the independence of the press has but added to the force of the tempest of popular indignation that will not "blow over" till it has blown them away.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"Explosions" are becoming commonplace. Since the *Westfield* disaster occurred the "Jersey City explosion" and the "Chautauqua explosion" stirred the public mind in some slight degree; then the frequent heading of newspaper paragraphs, "Another Explosion!" awakened only the most evanescent emotion. People expect a daily dish of this kind to be served in their morning paper, just as they expect the usual quota of murders, suicides, divorces, and criminal trials. Details vary, of course. Sometimes it is only the explosion of a kerosene lamp; again it is the ignited gas of a coal mine, which mangles men, widows women, and makes children orphans. The accumulation of constantly recurring crimes and horrors, which the daily press disseminates, has seared the public mind. Only when some near calamity touches our own homes do we thoroughly awake and ask, "Who is responsible for these things? What can be done to avert a recurrence of them?"

English magazines have a circulation which seems surprisingly small to us Americans. The *Cornhill Magazine* probably falls far short of twenty thousand; *Good Words* has perhaps a somewhat larger circulation; *London Society* circulates about eighteen thousand. Graver periodicals have fewer readers. Americans would never be contented to read so little as do the masses in England.

At the grand banquet which was held at Delmonico's on the evening of the Scott centenary celebration there were on a table in the centre of the room several pots of flowers which had been sent from Abbotsford by the present proprietor, Sir James R. Hope Scott. A gentleman from Lenox, Massachusetts, also sent a large wall-flower raised from seed obtained in Melrose Abbey, noted by Scott in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Boston has taken a stand against insult and imposition. The other day a Bostonian was roughly accosted in the street by a stranger with—

"Here, I want to go to the Tremont House!"

The deliberate reply was, "Well, you can go, if you won't be gone long."

It may be supposed that the mania for suicide will subside since the ludicrous and unsuccessful attempts of a misanthropic individual to terminate his existence at Sing Sing. He took the time when the camp-meeting was in session for announcing his intention of departing to the land of spirits *via* the Hudson River. A by-stander caught him by the coat tails as he was about to plunge into the water, whereat the stranger, disgusted, sought an adjacent stable, where he prepared to hang himself. Having the rope nicely adjusted at both ends, he was about to jump from a chair, when, unfortunately, a villager rushed in and unceremoniously cut the halter. In desperation he ran out calling for "deep water." A little boy pointed out a place where the river was about three feet in depth. The mysterious stranger commenced to disrobe, resolved that no coat tails should stand in his way again. When he had removed all save his under-shirt a brawny hackman charged upon him vigorously with a horsewhip. Instead of jumping overboard, the would-be suicide went through an impromptu hornpipe. Then he closed with his assailant. After a brief struggle the stranger concluded not to die in the inhospitable village of Sing Sing. Hastily snatching his clothes, he ran up the track. He was a passenger on the next train for New York.

In an editorial on "Our Perils by Water," the *Evening Mail* remarks that the following striking propositions seem to be established by the testimony in regard to the *Westfield* explosion:

First. That the government inspectors are, as a rule, either incompetent or careless, or both, to a criminal degree.

Second. That a large proportion of the engineers employed on our steamers are ignorant of their duties and unfitted otherwise for their positions.

Third. That the owners of steamboats will run enormous risks rather than replace old and worn-out boilers with those which are new and strong.

Fourth. That there is no settled theory among experts as to the causes of boiler explosions, or as to the best means to avert them.

The *Mail* goes on to make some statements which show to what an alarming extent dangers to human life have been permitted through non-enforcement of the laws. An experienced Western engineer testifies that on the lake steamers licenses have been given to men *without the asking of a question by the inspectors*; a letter from an influential politician, or a request from a steamboat owner, often has more weight than years of engine-building or service on the water.

Is that millennial day near at hand when "companies" and "corporations" will be held responsible, just as much as single individuals, for a "criminal neglect" which sacrifices hundreds and endangers thousands of lives? Perhaps; but time will show.

In a recent report, the Sanitary Inspector of New York city comments upon the condition of Washington, West Washington, Fulton, Catherine, and other public markets. He says:

"The defects, as observed by the Health Inspectors, are: First, from original faulty construction; second, from overcrowding; third, from lack of proper sewerage, drainage, and ventilation; fourth, from an almost total neglect to enforce the prompt and proper removal of garbage and other refuse matter. As at present managed, they are festering sinks of corruption and pollution, and a public disgrace to our city."

Nineteen versions into other languages have been made of the German national song—"Die Wacht am Rhein" (the Rhine-Watch).

It continues to be impossible to turn around at Niagara Falls without encountering newly married couples. They visit the cataract, stand alarmingly near the brink, and murmur "Beautiful!" looking all the while into each other's eyes. The marvel is that some of them have not walked off the bank in their fits of absorption.

A "new theory of the cause of consumption" has been advanced by a physician of Belfast, Ireland. The general idea is that tubercular deposits are the invariable results of insufficient nourishment, imperfect respiratory function, and rebreathed air. This theory is supported by analysis and by facts. The medical profession consider the matter worthy of thorough investigation. If the theory be sound, consumption may always be prevented, and often cured.

Virginia has produced a natural curiosity—if we may credit a local paper—in the shape of a bamboo root, which, held in one position, presents, clearly defined in outline and recognizable at a glance, a bull's head and three cows' heads. Reversing it, a sheep's head appears to view, exact and faithful to nature as if carved by some skilled hand. The heads of two African antelopes, a boar's head, a greyhound's, a bull-dog's, a squirrel sitting on a stump, and a tobacco-worm are seen when the root is held in other positions. This freak of nature is said to be on exhibition in Richmond.

Some of the English journals have taken advantage of the recent excitement concerning the increased expenditures of royalty, and the popular annoyance at the seclusion of the Queen, to urge the propriety of an abdication in favor of the Prince of Wales. It is believed that the retirement in which Queen Victoria lives is in a great measure rendered imperative by her health. The nervous difficulties from which she suffers might easily assume a serious character under the constant excitement of more public life. Considering hereditary predispositions, her physicians are undoubtedly wise in recommending a quiet life and frequent change of air.

A "Neglected Married Women's Society" has been formed at one of our fashionable watering-places. Good. May social reforms follow. Then we shall commend the gentlemen to organize a "Neglected Married Men's Society."

Twelve hundred men are now employed in the great work of excavating the Hoosic Tunnel.

In giving some suggestions about butter-making the *American Agriculturist* remarks: "Never let sour milk stand unnecessarily in any dairy vessel, and never let *any thing* stand in a wooden churn—except sunshine and fresh air."

Fulton Street—certain parts of it—has been found by actual measurement to be obstructed by boxes, barrels, news stands, etc., to the extent of two-thirds of the width of the sidewalk. Have pedestrians any rights in New York? They are crowded from the sidewalks, and happy are they if suffered to cross the street by drivers of carts and carriages, who think no footman should venture into the roadway.

Just at this season when so much fruit is being canned for winter use, the newspapers abound with directions for putting up the fruit securely. We know many ladies are troubled with the air bubbles which are often seen in the glass jars after they are sealed up. An exchange gives some useful hints on this and other points, and we clip a paragraph:

In regard to the air bubbles which often form while the bottle is filling, a little care will obviate the difficulty. In putting the fruit into the bottle do not pour in such a way as to close the whole mouth of the bottle, because that prevents the escape of the air; but rather let the fruit slide gently down the side of the bottle. It can be done just as quickly this way as the other. The secret of having bottled fruit keep is to have a perfectly air-tight cover, and to be sure that the fruit perfectly boils all throughout before putting it into the bottles, and then to be quick about putting on the cover, and letting the cover alone until you want to use the contents of the bottle. It is not necessary to let out the steam or air, after the cover is on. It is not necessary to bury the bottles in the earth, or to have a dark vault made in the cellar for the purpose. If you bottle your fruit in the right way, it will keep almost any where but by the stove; if you don't do it right, and let in the air with a knife, or some other way, it won't keep, no matter where you put it. Of course, if you have not done it right, it will keep longer in a dark, cold place, but it will succumb to the atmosphere in the end. Bottled fruit put up in a proper manner will keep for years, if desired.

There is a story of a woman bold who took extraordinary measures to produce extraordinary results. She and her other—perhaps not better—half were recruiting amidst Long Branch scenes and surf. The husband paid nightly visits to a certain fashionable gambling saloon; the wife, anxious and troubled, knew by experience that curtain lectures were useless. She adopted a more effective means of reform. Attiring herself in her husband's best broadcloth and tightest pair of dress boots, this "woman who dared" followed her dissipated lord to his evening haunt, and, when he was anxiously awaiting the turn of the cards after coppering the ace, blew a cloud of smoke across the table into his face to attract his attention, and calmly put ten dollars on the king. The story concludes with the rapid and terrified exit of the husband, followed by his successful wife, and the extraction of a promise, on the way home, of future abstinence from the green table.

The *Literary World* advises some American writer to try his hand at satire after the manner of "The Battle of Dorking," and bearing upon our own country. Subjects are abundant. A few which have been suggested are: "The Coup d'Etat of 1920: being the History of the Final Stages of the Great War which Riveted the Chains of the Railroad Tyranny upon the People of the United States. By a Veteran Lobbyist." Or this, "The Story of the Great Feminine Rebellion, and the Establishment of the Female Republic." Or this, "The Irish Conquest of New York, A.D. 1900." Or this, "The Decline and Fall of Boston; or, The Last Revolution of the 'Hub.'" Or this, "The Last of the Yankees: a Study of an Extinct Species."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A well-known gentleman of Chicago, who, although not an artist himself, has probably done more for art and artists than any other man in that city, had taken the horse-cars for the Worcester dépôt, encumbered with manifold bags and parcels. He reached the bell-rope with an effort, when he wished to get off, and gave a vigorous pull, the result of which was a sharp ring from both bells. "What are you ringing both ends for?" was the discourteous and surly inquiry of the conductor. "Because I wish the car to stop at both ends," was the quiet reply, that left a convulsed car-load and discomfited conductor.

Happy Bridegroom. "More money, madam! more money! Have you forgotten that *my* money has bought every thing you possess—the very dress you stand in?"

Fair Bride. "No, Sir; nor have I forgotten that your money has bought what stands in it!"

Woman's Rites—Putting on her chignon, arranging her curls, buttoning her gaiters, and adjusting her Grecian bend and things.

A colored preacher, in discoursing to his people on the efficacy of earnest prayer, delivered himself in this manner: "I tell you, bredren, 'tis prayer what gibs de debil de locked-jaw."

Passed to a Third Reading—Love-letters.

The mayor of St. Joseph, Missouri, gave permission to a citizen to kill two dogs which annoyed him; and the next morning the mayor found two of his own dogs dead, with his own warrant of permission for their killing pinned on their bodies. Though he hasn't exactly got the hydrophobia, that mayor is mad.

The following story tells how the breweries thrive in Munich: "Friend Carl," says one fat Teuton, "can you drink one hundred glasses of beer in a day? I will wager you can not." Carl answered, "No, I think not;" but the next day he accepted the bet, and quaffed off the one hundred mugs of cool, delicious beer. "Well, I declare!" cries his fat friend; "most wonderful! But tell me, Carl, why you did not take my bet yesterday?" "Oh, I wanted to try first and see if I could do it!"

It is said now that M. Gambetta, before he went into politics, was going into business—the crockery line! What a man to trust with breakables!

One of the earliest scholars of the Government Board, on being told that a reptile is "an animal that creeps," and being asked to name one, promptly and triumphantly replied, "A baby."

Recently, at a debating club, the following question was actually the subject of a long and animated debate: "Whether is the hen that lays the egg, or the one that brings out the young one, the mother of the chicken?"

"Would you believe it, Sandy," said a divine, recently, "that I never thought of the sermon before I went to the pulpit?" "Oh, that is exactly what Mr. Mackintosh and I said while you were preaching."

Maid of Money—A spinster heiress.

Advice to Fast Men.—"To run an unbridled career," never marry.

An Up-Train—A short skirt.

A darky, in attempting to cross a hatchway, fell through, and his head struck a big piece of stone coal, breaking it fine. On looking up he saw his employer, and fearing he had done something wrong, exclaimed, sorrowfully, "Golly, massa, I's real sorry I broke dat coal!"

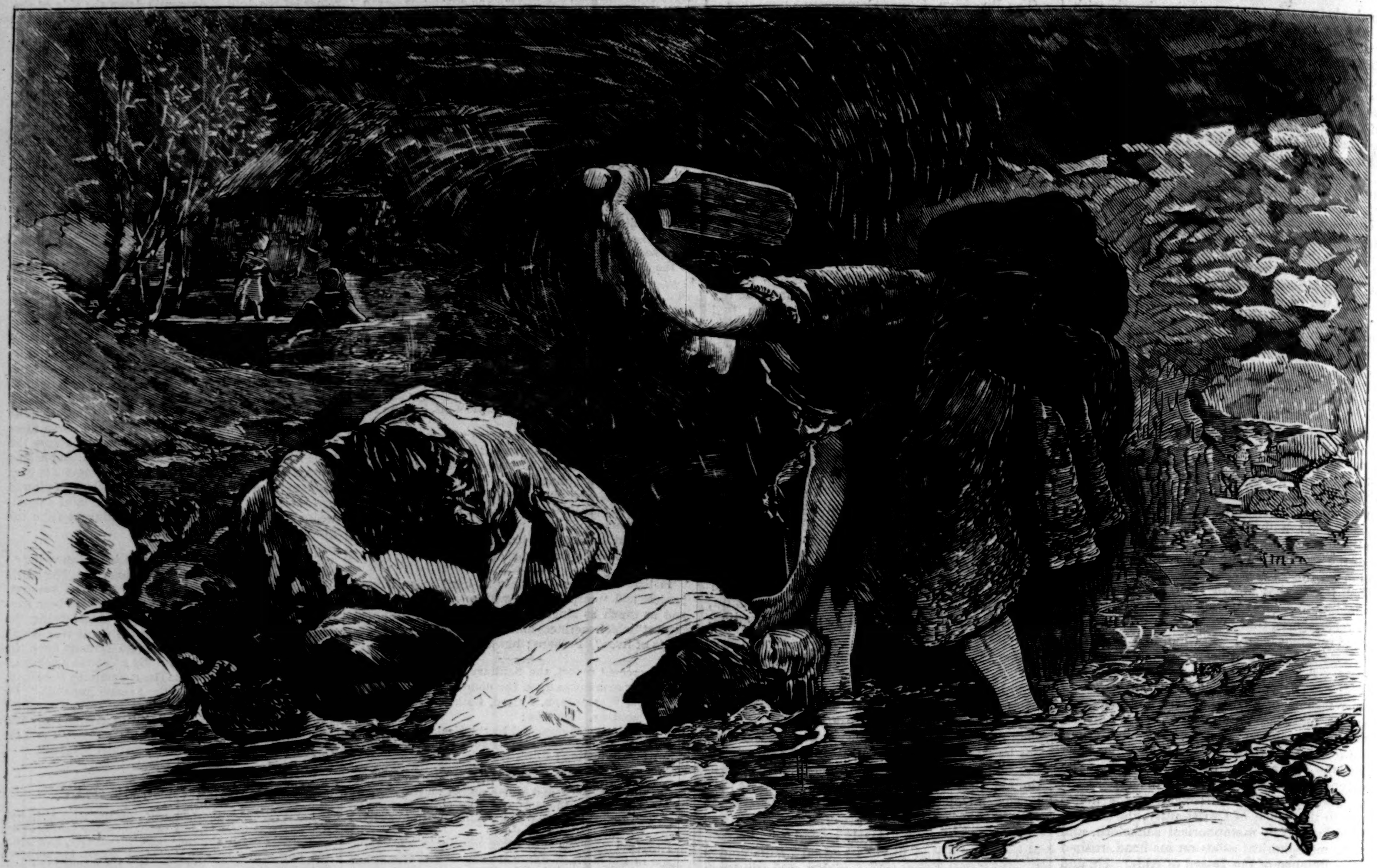
The Erie Riddle—A share-raid.

Virginia boasts of her "hot springs." Hot summers are enough for us, thank you!

The Latest War Cloud—Red Cloud.

The rising generation in Iowa is hopefully bright. At one of the Sunday-schools in an Iowa town the superintendent, reviewing the lesson, asked the question, "Why are we commanded to 'gird our loins?'" One sharp little shaver sung out, "To keep your breeches up."

In a certain town, at a shop window, appeared the following notice: Wanted—*two* good clerks, who will be treated as *one* of the family.



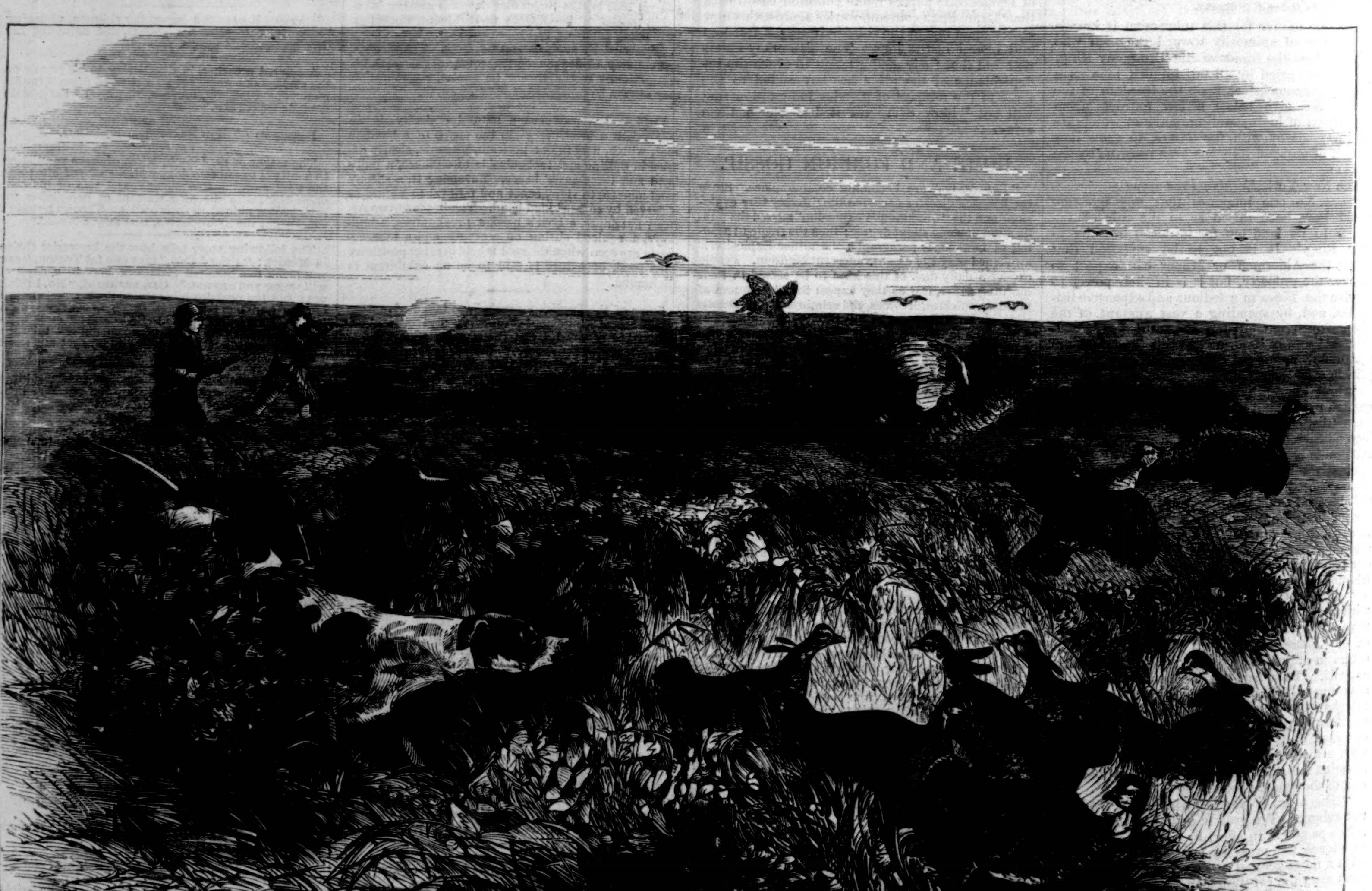
CONNEMARA WASHER-WOMAN.

AMONG THE PRAIRIE-HENS.

THE lower picture on this page depicts a scene on the Western prairies. Let us imagine that it is a bracing September morning, and the red rays of the sun are just glancing over the gentle undulations of a rolling prairie as our party issue forth from their shooting-quarters. Around us on every side, as far as the eye can reach, is an undulating prairie covered with grass and wild flowers, among them that exquisite scarlet flower, the painted cup, whose beauty BRYANT has celebrated, with here and there a stubble field, where wheat and oats have been cut, and golden acres by the hundred of Indian corn swaying gracefully in the breeze, while our ears are greeted with the chorus of meadow-larks and other sweet songsters of the fields. Suddenly one of the pointer dogs "stands," with head and tail erect, forming a straight line, eyes dilated, lips parted, and nostrils quivering. "Hunt them out, Spot!" Slowly he moves on, quivering with excitement, when whir-r-r, whir-r-r, rise the birds. Thereupon follows the fatal fusillade.

CONNEMARA WASHER-WOMAN.

THE tract of country, or rather promontory, lying between the picturesque old Irish town of Galway and Sligo Bay is almost entirely composed of ranges of mountains, with their attendant ravines, valleys, gorges, glens, passes, caves, rocky precipices, and chasms; chains of lakes,

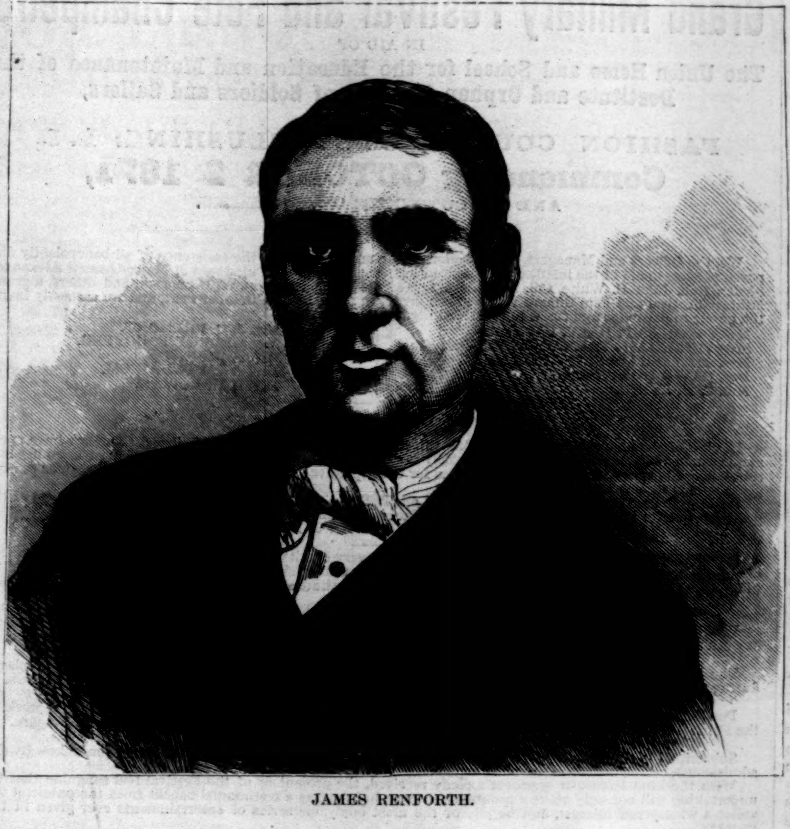


AMONG THE PRAIRIE-HENS.

with their accompanying rivers and streamlets, falls and rapids, springs and fountains, tarns and cascades, all surrounded by a sea-coast of over three hundred miles, with its bays and creeks, islands and estuaries, cliffs and sands.

It is said that all over Ireland local customs are falling into decay. Dress, wakes, and all that was once distinctively Irish are dying out. If there is a place where they linger with more tenacity than another, it is in and around the old town of Galway. There is something really melancholy in the gradual atrophy of this once famous city, whose trade, population, prosperity, and buildings are going to ruin with extraordinary rapidity. As is well known, it once had an intimate connection with Spain, and its men and women, by their tall figures and dark eyes and hair, show the intermixture of blood. Even some of the old, dilapidated buildings in the by-streets are said to be after the pattern of houses in Seville and Madrid. The lover of the picturesque should be thankful for even the smallest mercies, and will welcome gratefully the blue cloaks of the women, of the same tone and make scrupulously adhered to in all the districts, and the refreshing red petticoats of almost Eastern dye. The cloth for these fabrics is woven and dyed in many a household on winters' nights. Those warm and graceful Connemara cloaks, which a few years ago were so popular with ladies, and are not yet out of fashion, are almost an exact copy of these garments.

The upper illustration on page 844 shows one of the ancient customs that still linger in that picturesque region. The stalwart but graceful maid washing the family linen in a shallow stream is a sight familiar to every traveler in the West of Ireland, and it also recalls the fashion which still obtains on the banks of the Seine.



JAMES RENFORTH.

DEATH AT THE OAR.

The great boat-race between the St. John and the Tyne crews, which took place on the Kennebecasis River on the 23d of August, was marked by a melancholy incident—the death of the celebrated oarsman, James Renforth, whose portrait is given on this page. The course—of which we give a sketch below—was over a stretch of the Kennebecasis River, and a finer one probably could not be found in any part of the world. This river comes out of the rocks and pine woods to the northeast of St. John, New Brunswick, and joins the St. John River about three miles above the mouth of the latter stream. Until near the end of its course it is an insignificant creek; but where it meets the tide it spreads out into a very pretty and placid lake, with water of a rich brown color, and bold, hilly shores, dotted with here and there a farm-house, and checkered with green upland meadows and patches of elders and dwarf pines. This lake is some twelve miles long and from two to four wide, and midway in its length is a high island four miles long, rising from the water in some places in precipitous rocky cliffs, and in others in gentle slopes of pasture land. Between this island and the eastern shore of the river was the race-course. The stream at this place is about a mile wide. The course was exactly three miles long, and to make the distance accurate it was measured upon the ice last winter. It extended from Torryburn Cove—a point seven miles from the city—up the river, in a perfectly straight line, to a point off Salmon Creek, where the stake boats were anchored, not far from the little village of Rothesay. The boats started from the cove, and the St. John crew rowed up the stream to the stake boats, which they rounded, and returned to the starting-point, making the race a distance of six miles. There is very little current or tide in the Kennebecasis at this place. Booms were anchored, extending for 300 yards from the starting buoys, and none of the steamers or sail-boats containing spectators were allowed to go up the river beyond these booms. The rival crews had thus a broad, free course, as wide as the river itself. A railroad runs along the eastern shore of the Kennebecasis, past the course, as does also a broad macadamized road from the city; so that there were abundant means of access, by railroad and river, from St. John to the course. From many places on the hills on either shore there was a fine view of the whole course, so that the lookers-on could watch the race from beginning to end.

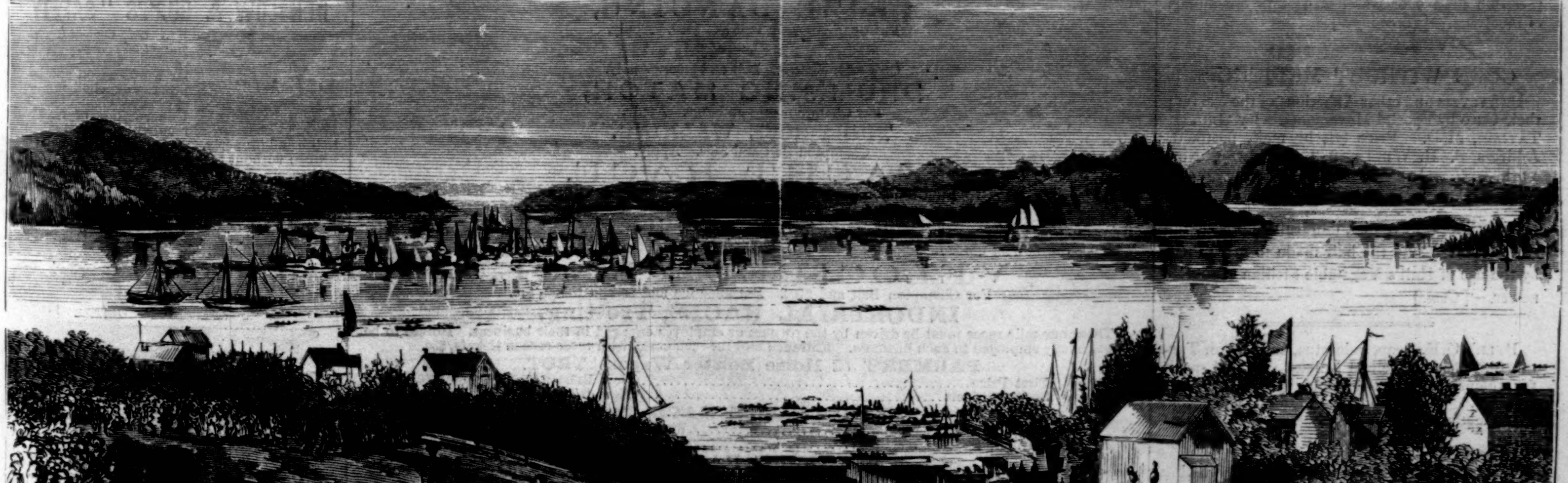
The great interest in the race arose from the fact that it was a return match between the crews that rowed last year at Lachine, near Montreal, when the St. John crew, who had carried off the prize at the great Paris regatta of 1867, were decisively beaten by an English crew from the Tyne. They did not rest easy after their defeat until they had arranged with their conquerors for a second contest. They had lost the Lachine race, they believed, by the roughness of the water, but others held that their defeat was owing to too great confidence and too little training.

By the articles of agreement it was stipulated that the race should be rowed on the 23d of August, between 7 and 10 A.M., if the water was perfectly smooth; "if the water, in the opinion of the umpires, or, in case of disagreement, by the decision of the referee, is not smooth, the referee shall be empowered to postpone the race to the same hours on the day following, and so on, from day to day, until the state of the water is favorable." The St. John crew was to row without a coxswain, and Renforth's to have the option of rowing with or without one. The race was to be for £500 a side and the championship. The St. John crew bound themselves to pay Renforth's men £200 in consideration of the expense of the journey across the Atlantic.

The race was set for the early hour of seven in the morning on account of the probability of still weather at that time, as later in the day, at this season, there is danger of a stiff land breeze. The morning was beautiful, and probably 25,000 spectators were present. The water was smooth as glass. The choice of position fell to the lot of the Tyne crew, who took the inside course. At the word "Go!" from the referee both boats flew away, the St. John leading slightly. The Tyne crew then made a spurt, and the St. John crew fell behind; but the steady stroke of the St. John told, and gradually they drew ahead, keeping the lead, although the distance was every now and then shortened by the mighty spurts of the Tyne. When three-quarters of a mile was reached the St. John led three lengths, when suddenly Renforth dropped his oar and fell over in the boat, apparently in a fit. The boat was turned inshore, and he was taken back to his quarters in a coach. The St. John quietly pulled over the course.

Renforth revived a little after reaching the hotel, but soon commenced failing, and in less than half an hour from the time of landing he died. He was a man in the prime of life, having been born in 1842, at a place called Rabbet Banks, not far from Gateshead-on-Tyne. From early youth he exhibited a fondness for athletic sports, and that wonderful fund of physical strength, energy, and determination which won for him, in after-years, the distinction of Aquatic Champion of England. For a time he was a soldier, and served in the East. He was next heard of as an expert swimmer. Previous to 1866 he was unknown as an oarsman; and it is said he discovered his immense powers at the oar by conveying back and forth the workmen engaged in removing the old Tyne bridge. His first appearance in a match was in 1867, when he won easily; and from that hour until his death his career as an oarsman was marked by a constant succession of triumphs.

Renforth was a fine, broad-shouldered, deep-chested man, five feet seven and a half inches in height, and of great muscular strength. His sudden death, in the very prime of life, was due, it is said, to apoplexy, brought on by overexertion and excitement. The manner of it recalls the fainting of Geoffrey Delamayn at the foot-race, in Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife," and brings up again the question of physical training, and the extent to which it may be carried with safety. To all appearance James Renforth was the most powerful member of the Tyne crew. His muscular development was the admiration of all who delight in physical prowess; and yet, in the moment of trial, he was the only one of the oarsmen to succumb. In his case muscular power had been developed at such an expense of vital energy that exhausted nature gave way when put to a test which far weaker men endured without injurious effects.



THE BOAT-RACE BETWEEN THE ST. JOHN AND THE TYNE CREWS ON THE KENNEBECASIS RIVER, AUGUST 23, 1871.—[From a Sketch by J. W. Gray.]

SWEDISH FARE.

The Swedes are nice people enough, and "particularly careful in their eating; every thing is scrupulously clean, and there is an absence of grease about their compounds truly delightful."

"Smörgos" is their peculiarity. Literally it means "buttered goose," so called on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, as goose does not appear in it at all.

The smörgos is placed upon a side-table, and consists of a numerous collection of small glass dishes containing all kinds of eatables—generally *raw*—such as dried fish, raw herrings, tiny slices of smoked salmon or sausages, dried reindeer, scraped cheese, spise-brod (barley bread), and other varieties of black bread and biscuit. In the centre of the viands stand two large decanters, one of gin, the other of weak Curaçoa.

The custom of the country is to walk up to this sideboard with the smörgos on it, and spoil your appetite for breakfast with raw herring and cheese parings, washed down with neat gin.

It not unnaturally struck our travelers as looking "odd to see a lady take a piece of bread with her fingers, lay it on the palm of her left hand, spread it with butter, and plaster on the top of this a raw split herring," devour it, and then rush off to the large table and sit down to her breakfast or dinner, as the case may be. The Swedish gentlemen were unanimous in abusing smörgos; but added, "it was a custom of the country, and would never be given up." These Swedish gentlemen, though "native there and to the manner born," seem to have considered the practice any thing but lady-like, and not likely to advance the growth of polished manners in their countrywomen. Under the circumstances, they behaved as Dr. Johnson did to Mrs. Thrale's mother's spaniel, that had not the luck to possess good-breeding—"Because one must not wish ill to the lady in such cases, one curses the cur." And because these Swedish censors could not with gallantry wish their wives a fit of indigestion, they heartily wished ill to the custom of smörgos.

An improved investment inquiry has been reported for the First-Mortgage Bonds of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company, at the ruling price of 92 per cent. and accrued interest. The loan is being marketed at a rate considerably in excess of the money requirements of the Company, notwithstanding the fact that the work of construction is being vigorously prosecuted on the unfinished portion of the road (200 miles), of which ninety-five miles will be completed within the next six weeks, and added to the 227 miles already in actual operation. This will leave but 105 miles to be constructed in order to give a through line of railway communication direct from Richmond to the Ohio River, where connections will be at once established with all the leading points of the West. It is confidently expected that the enterprise will be brought to completion in the summer of the coming year.

HELMBOLD REDIVIVUS.

Various malicious rumors having been circulated by evil-minded persons detrimental to Dr. Helmbold—the latest a report of a gunning accident at Long Branch—we are happy to state that the indomitable Doctor never was in better health and spirits, and may be seen daily at 594 Broadway. His prospects are bright; and ere long the great advertiser will shine more brilliant than ever. With Helmbold there is no such word as fail. A brighter future awaits the irrepressible than ever was heard of in the annals of medicine.—[*Exchange.*]

CURE WITHOUT MEDICINES.

Paralysis and other Affections of the Nerves; their Cure by Special Movements. By Geo. H. Taylor, M.D. Price $1, by mail, postpaid. Address S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.—[*Com.*]

Gray hairs prevented, dandruff removed, the scalp cleansed, and the hair made to grow thick by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.—[*Com.*]

Pyle's O.K. Soap, Saleratus, and Cream-Tartar, first-class household articles that will speak for themselves on trial, sold by all first-class Grocers. James Pyle, Manufacturer, 350 Washington St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

We should not suffer from a Cough which a few doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will cure. Time, comfort, health are all saved by it.—[*Com.*]

Burnett's Cocoaine needs only to be tried. It dresses the hair beautifully.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, and Tan, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is reliable and harmless. Sold by Druggists every where. Depot, 49 Bond St., New York.

RIVERVIEW MILITARY ACADEMY, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Location healthy; Scenery unequaled; Building convenient; Teachers highly educated, earnest, working men; System of Order unsurpassed. A wide-awake, thorough-going School for Boys wishing to be trained for Business, for College, or for West Point or the Naval Academy. Address
OTIS BISBEE, A.M., Principal and Proprietor.

Grand Military Festival and Fête Champêtre

IN AID OF

The Union Home and School for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute and Orphan Children of Soldiers and Sailors,

TO BE HELD AT

FASHION COURSE, WEST FLUSHING, L. I.,

Commencing OCTOBER 2, 1871,

AND TO CONTINUE TWO WEEKS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

We, the Officers and Managers of the Union Home and School, ask the assistance of all benevolently disposed persons in aid of the institution under our charge. Through the kindness of Major-General Alexander Shaler, Hon. John H. White, Col. E. B. Lansing, George H. Purser, Benj. W. Hitchcock, and others, a grand Military Festival and Fête Champêtre has been arranged to be held in October next, and we earnestly invite the public to patronize and assist the undertaking.

Mrs. CHARLES P. DALY, President.
Mrs. VIRGINIA L. FARRAGUT, Vice-President.
Mrs. ALEX. SHALER, Vice-President.
Mrs. DAVID HOYT, Secretary.
Mrs. C. M. LYDIG.
Mrs. J. C. FREMONT.
Mrs. GEORGE F. HOPPER.
Mrs. R. JOHNSON.
Mrs. J. J. VANDALSOM.
Mrs. L. H. ROWAN.

CARDS.

In view of the approaching Military Festival, the Flushing and Northside Railroad Company have made ample arrangements to run special trains solely for transporting passengers to and from West Flushing Station. Special excursion tickets will be printed for the trip, at the usual rate, 30 cents, at which regular passengers are now supplied.

Desiring to assist the charitable undertaking, our Railroad Company has decided to donate one-third of the gross receipts for these excursion tickets to the Home and School.

JOHN J. LOCKE, President F. and N. S. R. R. Co.

It will afford us much pleasure to assist you in your very charitable enterprise. We will furnish you, free of charge, for setting up, cartage, and removal, one of our four-pocket tables for the Champion Billiard Match to be played in aid of the Union Home and School for the Destitute and Orphan Children of Soldiers and Sailors.

PHELAN & COLLENDER.

Wishing to aid the enterprise, I cheerfully tender the services of my Company to perform at the Festival any afternoon the manager may designate.

JOSH HART, Manager Globe Theatre.

The Mutual Base-Ball Club of this city will be pleased to participate in any game or games to be played during the Fête Champêtre.

ALEX. V. DAVIDSON, Secretary M. B. B. Club.

Desiring to aid the Union Home and School, I tender my services on the Tight-rope for the first week of the Festival free of charge.

HARRY LESLIE, the "Hero of Niagara."

Subscriptions of one dollar each for single admission tickets, and ten dollars each for season tickets (twelve admissions), can be mailed to the undersigned.

With the kind letters of approval already received, the promoters of the Festival feel sanguine that the undertaking will not only prove a pecuniary success, but that, as a testimonial benefit from the public, it will enlist a widespread interest, and be one of the most enjoyable series of entertainments ever given in this country.

BENJAMIN W. HITCHCOCK, General Manager,
Store, 29 Beekman Street, New York.

The Festival will be opened on **Monday, October 2, 1871,** at 10 A.M., at the celebrated Fashion Course, in West Flushing, L. I., and will continue (Sundays excepted) for two weeks. About September 1 a complete programme, with order of exercises and appointments for each day, will be advertised and distributed in circulars. For the present the management can only announce the following general outlines:

GRAND MILITARY DISPLAYS,

Which will be of a highly interesting character.

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First—Gentleman's Purse, for horses that have never beaten 3 minutes—$200 first horse; $50 second.
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No professional runners allowed in this race. Open to all others. First Premium, Amateur's Belt and $100; second, $75; third, $50; fourth, $25. Entrance fee and five admission cards, $5.

LADIES' EQUESTRIAN RACE.

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VELOCIPEDE RACE,

For Champion Belt and $100. Entrance fee and season ticket, $10.

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To light Express Wagon........................First Premium, New Wagon, $200.
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To Butcher's Cart........................First Premium, New Cart, $150.
To Butcher's Cart........................Second Premium, Harness, 50.

CARTMEN'S (2 Horse Truck) RACE—Trot.

First Premium, New Truck, $300..................Second Premium, Harness, $100.

GROCERS' RACE—Trot.

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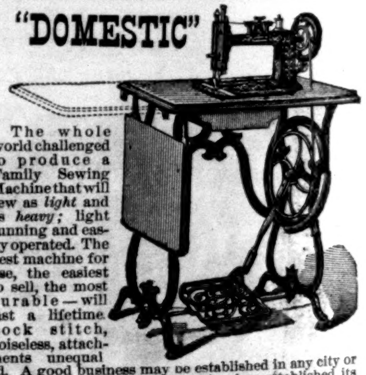

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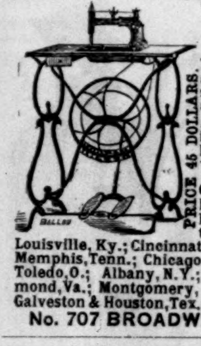

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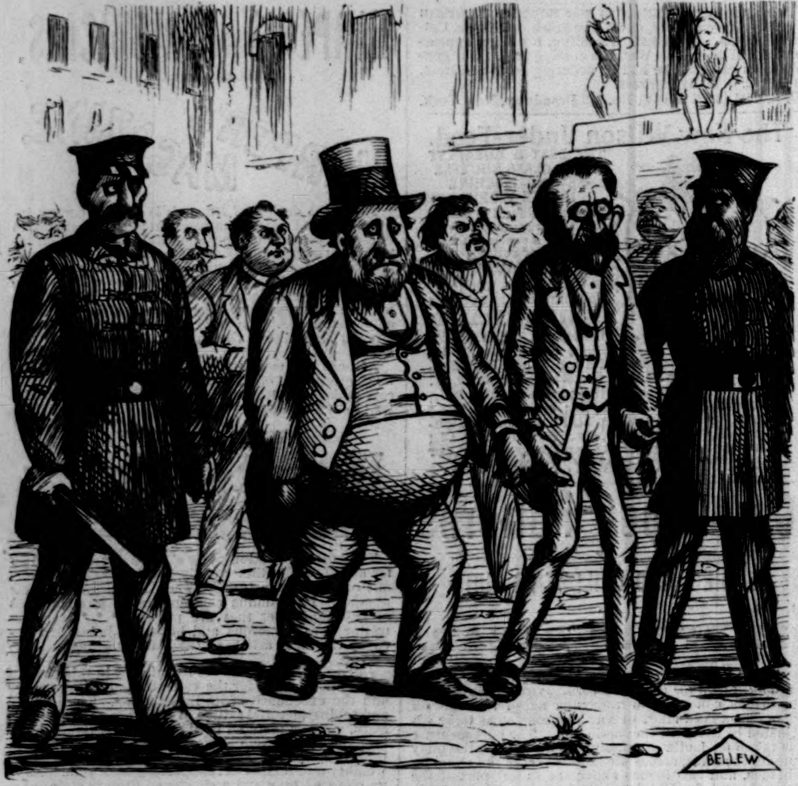

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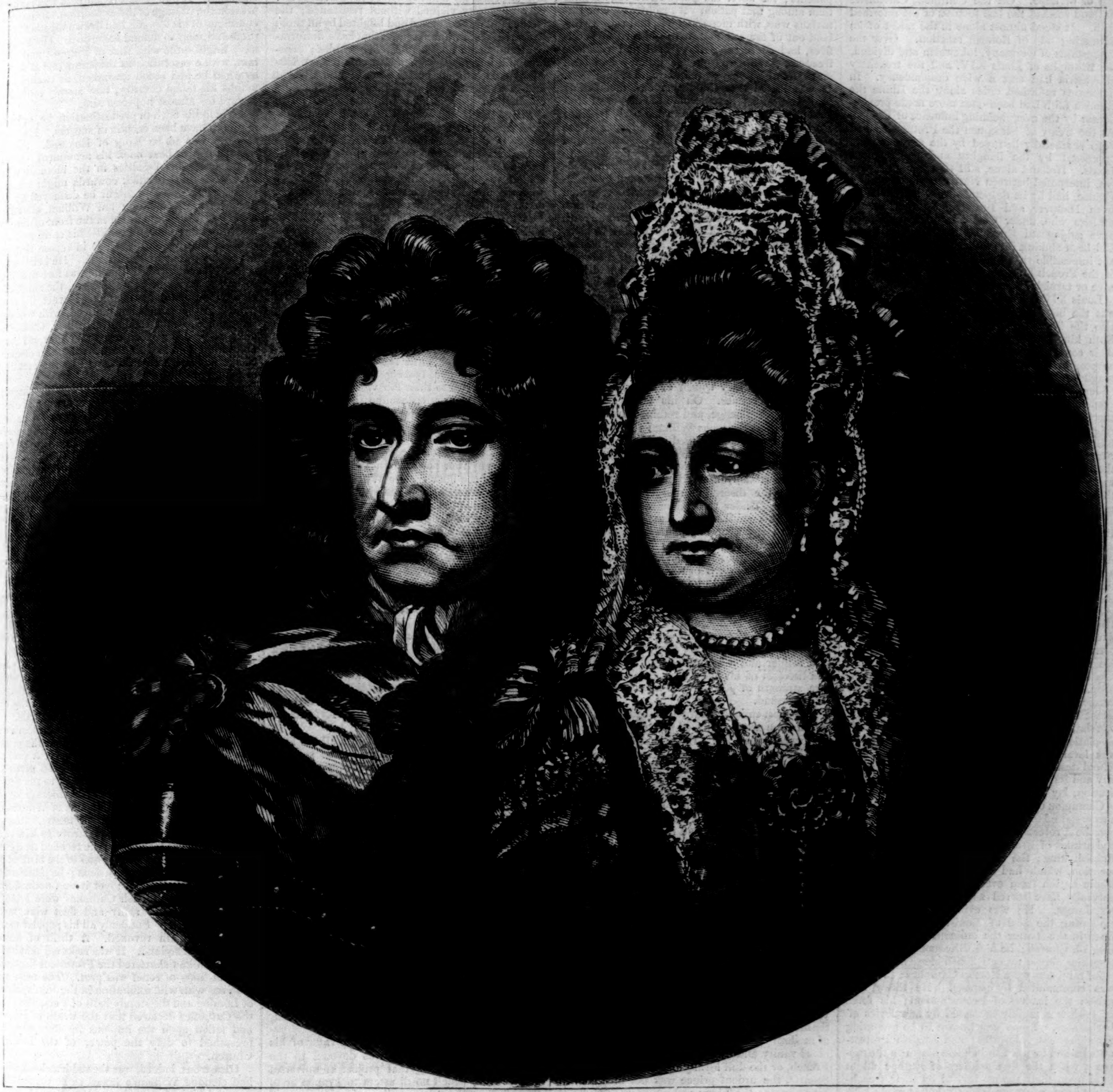

WILLIAM AND MARY.*

WILLIAM III., PRINCE OF ORANGE.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

A CENTURY had passed since the English of the Elizabethan age had successfully repelled the malarious influence of decaying Rome, had set free the intellect, and driven priests and Jesuits from their prosperous isle—a century had gone by, in which Milton had followed Shakspeare; in which the English mind had celebrated its release from Italian bondage by producing the greatest of dramatic poets, perhaps the chief of epics; in which Cromwell had followed Elizabeth, and had sent his fleets to spread terror at the court of Rome, and desolation along the coasts of superstitious Spain—when suddenly all England was aroused by a new conspiracy to subject the island to the dominion of the pope. Its king, James II., was an avowed Catholic, and for the first time for more than a hundred years the English saw the throne occupied by an open enemy of the Protestant religion and of the principles of reform.

James made no secret of his design. He surrounded himself with priests and Jesuits; a papal nuncio was received with unusual pomp at his court; the king, kneeling at his feet, besought his blessing; Romish rites were celebrated openly in London; and the members of that aggressive Church, which was still reeking with the slaughter of the Vaudois and the Huguenots, were intruded into all offices of power or emolument, and held in their hands the lives and property of every Englishman. Papists of dissolute character and infamous lives were made the masters or the fellows of wealthy colleges, and ten thousand English clergymen were threatened with expulsion from their livings because they refused to read from their pulpits a declaration of toleration for the papal faith. The nation with fierce indignation watched every movement of the despotic king; but its rage rose to madness when it was discovered that James was silently forming a standing army of Irish Catholics, and that the wild savages of Connaught and Munster, whose ancestors had shocked all Europe by their hideous massacres of the Protestants of Ulster, were soon to be placed in control of the liberties of England. As the Irish troops filed through the streets of London they were followed with jeers and ribaldry; they excited no ill-founded terror. They were descendants of the men and women who, in Ireland, had committed the most horrible atrocities ever witnessed in a Protestant land. In the sacred name of religion the Irish Catholics had flung women and children into the fair lakes and rivers of Ulster, and had consumed whole families in the ashes of their homes. They had rivaled the barbarities of the papal troops in the Vaudois valleys, and anticipated the horrors of the dragonnades of Louis XIV. How soon the Irish might renew, in London, the practices of their native land no man could tell; but the examples of the recent papal massacres in Italy and France showed that no pity touched the hearts of the Romish priests, that a Bossuet and a Massillon were as ready to exult over the tortures of a heretic as the most ignorant or fanatical member of the society of Loyola, and that, should an opportunity offer, the brutal malice of the Irish army would find no restraint in the teachings of its spiritual guides.

Still more terrible even than an army of savage Irish to the quiet people of England was the sudden influx of the Jesuits. Their alarm was excusable. It was known that the Jesuits had led the savage hordes who, in the valleys of Piedmont, had torn women to pieces, and flung heretical infants, like imps of Satan, over beetling crags; that in France the society of Loyola had pressed on the expulsion of the Huguenots, and in the name of religion had encouraged and applauded the crimes of demons; that Jesuits had excited the massacres of Ireland, the wars of Holland, the desolation of Germany, and the chief miseries of mankind. It was believed, with some foundation in reason, that the army of Loyola was little better than a band of Thugs. The chief of the order was supposed to rule over his followers with a despotic authority not less effective than that of the Old Man of the Mountain, and the practices of the Assassins seemed renewed in that secret body, whose devoted members had nearly effected the death of Elizabeth, and whose casuists taught that it was no sin to remove by the dagger or by poison the enemies of the pope. The Jesuits were the emblems of secrecy and dark counsels. They wandered about in the disguise of merchants and peddlers. They hid in closets and holes in the wall. Fraud and mystery seemed their native element; they were the humblest and the meekest of their race so long as necessity enforced submission; but it was known that wherever the Jesuit gained authority, no Nero was ever more cold to human woe, or exulted with more fanatical joy in the torments of those who resisted him. Jesuits had stood with cruel triumph by the graves of women whom they had buried alive in the Netherlands because they had refused to adore the pope. The Jesuits in France were, at this very moment, redoubling the tortures of the reformers and steeling the heart of Louis.

The alarm of English Protestants was therefore natural when they saw the members of this secret association, which had so long been repelled from their midst by the most rigorous penal laws as the common pests of civilization, now swarming through the streets of their cities, boldly planting their schools and chapels beneath the shadow of St. Paul's, or ruling the conscience of their profligate king. James had abandoned himself wholly to the counsels of the Jesuits. The milder policy of the English Catholics he rejected with scorn. By force alone he hoped to overturn the constitution of that progressive nation which had, for far less offenses, sent his father to the scaffold, or by a wide system of corruption to debase its intellect, and purchase the ready submission of its eminent leaders to the most extravagant demands of the Italian faith. The policy of the Jesuits had always been a singular union of violence and fraud. They had been noted for fanatical courage and a boundless dissimulation. James tried all their favorite measures; threatened, cajoled; strove to deceive the Dissenters or overawe the High-Churchmen; at last assumed the authority of a despot, and drew together a powerful army to terrify London into submission.

The Protestants of Ireland, meantime, were already crushed beneath the iron rule of a Romish tyranny. Tyrconnel, a profligate noble, had been placed in command at Dublin. The wild Irish Catholics, ignorant, brutal, inflamed with a fierce hatred against their Protestant neighbors—the most abject slaves of Rome—held every high command in the army or the state, and breathed out every where the most dreadful threats against the rival faith. A general massacre of the Protestants seemed imminent. It was known that Irish peasants were purchasing knives and pikes in the neighborhood of Derry, and that Catholic priests were urging a total extermination of the heretical population.

In this period of its humiliation and dismay

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* These fine portraits were photographed on the block for our engraver by ROCKWOOD, from a rare print in the Astor Library.

Protestantism could find no source of consolation or of hope. On the Continent Calvinistic Holland seemed the last fortress of the reformed faith. It stood almost alone in the midst of an advancing tide of Romish reaction. Over the Protestants of Germany, lukewarm and divided, the triumphs of Louis XIV. and the treachery of Austria had cast a wide despondency. In numerous reformed cities along the Rhine the Romish faith had been once more made preponderant by the overwhelming influence of France. At the treaty of Nimeguen the Protestants had been shamefully betrayed by the emperor, and oppressed by the haughty and unscrupulous Louis. Holland alone, still rich and progressive, interposed between Northern Germany and France, and by its desperate valor had shut out from Hanover and Brandenburg the brilliant soldiers who, under Condé or Turenne, might have subjugated Europe. But Holland itself had been sinking into lethargy; and it seemed not impossible that the bribes and the menaces of the French king might subvert its independence or tarnish its ancient fame.

Louis XIV., now at the height of his renown, was the bitterest foe of Protestantism; he was also the firmest ally of the King of England. Both kings were guided by the Jesuits in all their counsels, and had entertained a common purpose of banishing reform from their several kingdoms. Louis, "king of men," "the scourge of heresy," as his pagan preacher, Bossuet, was accustomed to salute him, had been singularly successful in his design. At the opening of his reign he had found a large Huguenot population filling the cities and tilling the richest lands of France. Protestant schools and colleges aroused the intellect of the people; their simple churches were thronged with attentive congregations; their cultivated clergy repeated the lessons of toleration and obedience taught them by Calvin and Beza. The artisans of France were nearly all Protestant; the commerce and industry of the nation centred in the hands of the Huguenots. A moral and mental progress was slowly refining a nation that had always been worse governed than almost any other in Europe. But toward the close of his reign Louis, to whom the progressive morality and the simple honesty of his Huguenot subjects were naturally odious, who lived in a selfish dream of chivalric vanity and corruption, had wrought a disastrous change. No minister of reform was seen in France unless chained in the galleys or pining in a dungeon. Fifty thousand families, pure, refined, heroic, had fled impoverished from the realm. Great manufacturing towns had lost half their population; the rural districts were traced with desolation and decay. Every Huguenot church was leveled to the ground, every college and school destroyed; and France, shorn of its honesty and its virtue, scarred with misery and destitution, lay prostrate at the feet of the Jesuits.

Champion of the Catholic reaction, Louis was now prepared to assist his ally, James, in destroying the Protestantism of England. The fleets and armies of France were at the service of the English king; the example of the French persecution, which had so successfully purged a whole nation from every trace of heresy, must naturally have served as an instructive lesson for James. He was evidently ambitious of emulating the zeal of Louis. He had confined in the Tower the eminent bishops of the English Church; he had threatened with severe penalties almost every English clergyman. His chief ministers were Roman Catholics; the army was commanded by papists. He threw into prison the leaders of Protestantism; his force of Irish was rapidly increased by new levies of barbarians. Louis was known to be preparing for some new enterprise; and English Protestants looked forward in helpless alarm to the moment when the first soldiers of Europe might land upon their shores, invited by their treacherous king, when the Irish Catholics might rush to the sack of London, or French dragoons renew in England the horrors they had inflicted upon the inoffensive Huguenots.

But Protestantism had now produced its own defender. Suddenly, almost like an apparition, William of Orange interposed between the trembling people of England and the persecuting rage of James and Louis. To William and to Holland the English Church and the English Protestants appealed in this moment of danger, claiming the aid of Dutch soldiers and a Batavian prince to save them from the Celts. The hopes of civilization and of reform in every land and in all coming ages hung upon their reply. If Holland had faltered, if William had hesitated, the destiny of mankind must have been changed. A civil war must have broken out in England that would have destroyed for generations the progressive vigor of the English race. It is not impossible that English freedom might have sunk forever before the savage inroads of the Irish Catholics and the impulsive valor of the well-trained armies of France. Louis would have remained king of men, and Paris have become the capital of a European empire. But William, who had watched with keen attention the progress of events, saw that the moment of destiny had come. He had long been preparing for a desperate adventure: he resolved to invade England. A Dutch army was assembled; the chief fortresses of Holland were left almost without a defender in the face of a threatened attack from France; the Dutch fleet was prepared to meet and baffle, if necessary, the united squadrons of Louis and James; and with a fierce resolution, no less heroic than when, fifteen years before, they had thrown down their dikes to repel the cruel inroads of the French, William and Holland defied the despots of France and England.

William Henry, Prince of Orange and of Nassau, the sole support of the liberal progress of his age, had passed his sickly and melancholy youth almost a prisoner in the hands of his political opponents; for never did party strife rage higher than among that patient yet resolute race of Batavians who, with incredible toil, had raised Holland out of the sea, and, with unheard-of sacrifices, had consecrated it to civil and religious freedom. William from his infancy had been an object of jealousy to the extreme republicans. It was feared that the feeble and melancholy prince might aspire to become the despot of Holland; he was separated from his early friends; De Witt, the chief statesman and leader of the republican faction, guided his education, and strove to cultivate a mind that seems never to have been inclined to letters; and William, conscious that he was constantly watched by suspicious eyes, became more than ever morose and silent. His delicate frame never ripened into health. A severe attack of disease left him with an asthmatic cough that was distressing to hear, and he seemed to live only by incessant exercise. Yet his eyes were bright and sparkling; his brown hair waved thickly around his broad and lofty brow; his nose, says Burnet, was like an eagle's beak; his pallid countenance, wasted by sickness and pain, was lighted up at times by the glory of that heroic and loving nature that has made him a leader among mankind.

William was born in 1650. By his mother, Henrietta, daughter of Charles I., he was grandson to a king who died on the scaffold, and the descendant of Mary Queen of Scots, the victim of her own crimes. On his father's side he traced a purer lineage, and retained many of the virtues of that generous William the Silent who made Holland free, and died by the dagger of a popish assassin. Slowly William's youth passed on; but his mind grew rapidly into precocious vigor, and it was observed that at eighteen he possessed the discretion and composure of a statesman. Under the guidance of the liberal De Witt, his studies were chiefly political; he learned to speak or read many languages; he studied the annals of Europe; he meditated on the destiny of his native land. Shut out from the common pleasures of society by his reserve, perhaps his awkward diffidence, by his cold, dry manner and sickly constitution, his vigorous and aspiring intellect seems early to have turned to its appropriate labors, and to have fitted itself instinctively for its eminent career. In solitude, almost in secrecy, William acquired the learning of a soldier and a statesman, and all the poetry and heroism of his nature were matured into a rare strength of purpose and a peculiar aptness for command.

Like most eminent characters, beneath his cold and austere exterior glowed perpetually a boundless capacity for love. His friendships for Bentinck and Albemarle are among the warmest and the truest of any that history has recorded. For the virtuous, impulsive, and liberal Burnet he seems never to have lost his regard. He became at last a devoted husband to his generous and gentle wife, when he had discovered her modest merits. But the chief and ruling passion of his life was his love for his native land. Its free and progressive institutions; its Calvinistic yet liberal faith; its magnificent cities, the centres of opulence and credit; the native honesty of its citizens; its fair and shining meadows glowing with boundless harvests under the roar of the North Sea billows; its colleges and schools; its free press and its abundant literature, that had governed the opinions of Europe; its people, ever patient and composed, yet rising at times to the height of human endurance, and surpassing in their devotion to independence and to the principles of integrity the purest examples of classical virtue—seemed to William to constitute Holland the lustrous gem among nations, the crowning fruit of modern civilization. Compared with the frivolous vanity and the notorious dishonesty of the French, or the dull loyalty of the England of the Stuarts, the ardent prince was not mistaken in his estimate; the labors and sacrifices of Holland in the cause of human progress and of the moral elevation of mankind had been greater than those of any modern community. Under William the Silent it had aimed a vital blow at the great empire of the South, which, under Philip II., had threatened the ruin of the liberal institutions of Europe and America; under Prince Maurice Holland had completed the downfall of Spain. The giant had sunk before the dwarf; honesty and integrity had raised to superhuman strength a feeble community; and the Jesuits and the Inquisitors fled, baffled, from the land they had hoped to make as abject and degraded as the decaying South.

A second time Holland and its sister provinces had been summoned to the defense of European freedom (1672); and while William was consuming his painful youth in vain aspirations he was suddenly roused from his political speculations to become the chief actor in a series of memorable scenes. Louis XIV., in the maturity of his powers, at the head of a magnificent army of one hundred and twenty thousand men, guided by the military skill of Condé and Turenne, broke into Holland, resolved to reduce to a complete submission the heretical Dutch. It was one of the least pardonable of those enormous crimes of national robbery with which the French have disturbed for so many centuries the peace of Europe, and which have made the Gallic name the symbol of barbarism and dishonesty. But Louis was crusader as well as conqueror, and possibly hoped to condone his gross vices by his services to the Roman see. The blessing of the Church attended him, and his Jesuit advisers promised themselves a speedy restoration of the papal faith in all those Calvinistic cities from whence it had been ignominiously expelled by the arms of William the Silent.

All went well for the French invaders. The immense army of Condé and Louis crossed the Rhine in a triumphal march that was long celebrated among the chief glories of France. The United Provinces, unprepared and lost in the arts of peace, lay helpless before their destroyers. City after city yielded without resistance; the fertile land was desolated and blighted by all those barbarities and wanton crimes that have uniformly attended the march of French armies; peasants and burghers, women and children, perished by cold, famine, or the sword; and Utrecht and Maestricht heard with silent horror the mass chanted in their Calvinistic churches. The spirit of the Dutch seemed broken; the republican rulers sent a humble embassy to claim the mercy of the papal king. Hard were the terms offered: Holland was to yield up its independence; one-half of all its churches were to be resigned to Roman Catholic priests; and every year the proud republic was required to send a deputation of its chief citizens to the court of Louis, bringing with them a gold medal, which had been struck in testimony of the clemency of the conqueror, and of the humble gratitude of the fallen land.

Then once more the spirit of the Calvinistic nation rose to heroic magnanimity. The demands of Louis were repelled with scorn. First among her sister cities in wealth and power, Amsterdam closed her gates and declared an inexpiable war. Never would she submit, her councilors declared, though every other city deserted her; never until the papal forces had marched over her blazing ruins. The rich burghers set fire to their fair villas that stretched out for many miles around the walls. The town was converted into a fortress; the wealth of the mighty capital was lavished in providing for the national defense. All Holland rose; the friends of submission throughout the provinces were driven from power. In the dreadful excitement of the hour the De Witts, innocent and eminent, were torn to pieces by a frenzied mob; and William of Orange, at twenty-two the master intellect of his period, summoned from his retirement, ruled over the fallen land. Yet so hopeless seemed the contest that for a moment the young prince designed to embark with his countrymen in their ample ships, and seek in some distant land a safe retreat from the malice and the horrible atrocities of the Jesuits and the French. But a nobler resolution was at length taken, and the Dutch at least determined to perish upon their native soil. "One thing yet remains," said William to those who dissuaded him from his purpose; "I can die in the last ditch." The dikes were thrown down, the sluices opened; the ocean rolled over the richest lands of Holland; and William ruled over a territory half conquered by the enemy, half lost amidst the waves.

His energy alone never faltered in all the long war that followed. Often amidst the sorrows of the hapless people, the wild ravages of the invaders, the treachery of their allies, or the swift fall of their country, the wisest of the Dutch statesmen sank into despondency, and declared that nothing could save them from utter ruin but an abject submission to Louis. Yet one clear and vigorous intellect still presided over the counsels of the Dutch. William of Orange, faint, sick, and feeble, yet never weary, aroused the highest qualities of his countrymen, kept alive their stubborn courage, and led them through constant disasters to new efforts. "I saw," he said to Temple, "a poor old man striving to shoot his little skiff through the lock of a canal. Often he was driven back, yet still he would turn again and row against the current, never tired and never discouraged; such is my destiny. I toil on until the end." At length he was successful. Europe rose against the ambition of Louis, a general peace followed, and Holland was free.

From this moment, 1678, all the vigor of his subtle and resolute genius was devoted to the single aim of baffling that project of universal empire from which no disasters to France or to mankind could ever turn the active intellect of the French king. William was the Nemesis of France. Not more successfully had his ancestor, William the Silent, pierced and wasted the enormous empire of Philip II. than did the youthful prince aim deadly blows against the destructive vanity of the French. He guided the counsels of Europe. He became the champion of reform in every land. He had married Mary, the daughter of James II. of England, and the hopes of English Protestants, terrified at the secret or open designs of their native king, rested chiefly on the success of William in his contest with Louis. Yet that contest seemed never to be decided. New intrigues and conquests followed, by which France once more threatened the subjection of the United Provinces, and ravished from Germany its chief defenses along the Rhine. Strasburg was added to the dominions of Louis; the privileges of German Protestantism were abridged, and William saw his powerful foe slowly encircling his own narrow territories, and prepared at some favorable moment to crush the house of Austria, and complete the conquest of Europe.

Such had been the career of William of Orange when, in 1688, he was invited by the general appeal of a foreign land to become its preserver and its king. He was in his thirty-eighth year; his intellect, matured in many trials, was in the full vigor of its unprecedented strength; yet his frame, still delicate, often sank beneath complicated diseases, and only an iron will, that seemed to triumph over the infirmities of nature, enabled him to bear with fortitude the various difficulties of his position. Even in his native land he was surrounded by false friends and open foes. The republicans of Amsterdam still looked with alarm upon his uncontrolled power; the enthusiastic support of the great majority of his countrymen could not shield him from many obstacles and many reproaches. Louis, meantime, was assembling a great army, and might, by a sudden invasion of the Netherlands, employ all the forces that had been gathered for the relief of England. A powerful French fleet was ready to prevent the passage of the expedition. James II., conscious of his danger, had drawn together thirty thousand men to defend his crown. The English navy might unite with that of France; and William, with a resolution as desperate and as daring as when he had stood unshaken, at twenty-two, amidst his fallen country, now sternly moved on toward his almost hopeless aim.

Firm in his faith in predestination, he, at least, seems to have been certain of success. He knew that he was to be King of England. Storms might arise to beat back his armament, disease might crush his faculties in the moment when they were most needed, cowards might counsel delay, every one else might be dismayed by the perils of sea and land; but William, elated by a fiery enthusiasm, smiled in the front of danger, and was more cheerful amidst his cares and difficulties than when he strode in repose through his trim gardens at the Hague. He believed in a Providence. He felt that he was fore-ordained to be the savior of Protestantism, the successful champion in a mighty conflict. Burnet, his companion in the expedition, noticed, with wonder, that the sad and thoughtful prince, usually so cold, reserved, and austere, was now all hope and animation, and that when all others despaired he, at least, was exhilarated by the certainty of triumph.

The expedition was prepared with singular forethought and accuracy. Every ship and every man was ready. Within three days, so careful had been his preparation, five hundred transports, laden with men and arms, covered the Zuyder Zee; fifty ships of war convoyed the Protestant armada; and men noticed that just a hundred years had passed since the huge galleons of Philip of Spain had swept up the British Channel, laden with manacles for English Protestants, to perish in their unholy crusade on the rocks and quicksands of the Scottish coast. But before he embarked William met, for what might prove the last time, the assembled congress of his native land. A thick assemblage of the magnates of the provinces gathered to bid him farewell. In a few heroic words he commended to them the care of his wife and of their country. He might perish, but liberty and religion would still survive. They promised; they burst into tears. The grave and dignified burghers wept in stern enthusiasm. But William, without a tear, passed out of the assembly and entered his ship. On the 19th of October the fleet sailed out upon the German Sea, and the white wings of the liberal armada swelled before a favorable gale.

In England, meantime, a deep and solemn excitement reigned. It was known that the prince was about to set sail. Countless fervent prayers went up for the Protestant wind—the generous east—that was to bear the deliverer to the persecuted land. Churchmen and Dissenters united in a common supplication: the name of William of Orange was written upon their hearts. James, conscious of his danger, now strove to win back the affections of his people; he recalled many unpopular orders; he issued proofs of the birth of his heir, the son of Mary of Modena; he promised to assemble a Parliament; yet it was noticed that new regiments of Irish Catholics were brought over, and that his army and fleet were made ready for battle. Suddenly all his popular measures were again revoked. A thrill of horror passed over England. It was reported that a violent storm had shattered the Protestant fleet, and that all hope of relief was past. The news was received with wild exultation in the Jesuit schools of London and the stately halls of Versailles; and the Catholics declared that the wrath of Heaven had fallen upon the impious invaders who had presumed to defy the power of the infallible Church.

Disastrous, indeed, was the sudden check which had clouded William's hopes as he turned once more with his shattered vessels to the safe shelter of his native land. The fierce north wind and the raging seas seemed to guard the throne of James; incessant storms swept the coast of Holland; and for some time it was believed that the ships of war, which had been driven before the tempest, were lost. They returned at last, but a deep despondency had filled the chiefs of the expedition, and William alone was resolved to renew the attempt. He refused to leave his frigate, the *Brill*; his countenance was calm and cheerful; a severe attack of seasickness and the perils and disasters of the storm had not shaken his resolution; he gave orders once more to prepare to sail. A fair wind from the east sprang up, and on November 1, 1688, the great fleet swept over the swelling seas, with the *Brill* ever in the van. From the mast of the frigate waved the standard of England and Holland. At night three lanterns marked its course up the British Channel. A single bold and resolute intellect guided the armada, and six hundred ships obeyed the signals that spoke from the mast-head of the *Brill*.

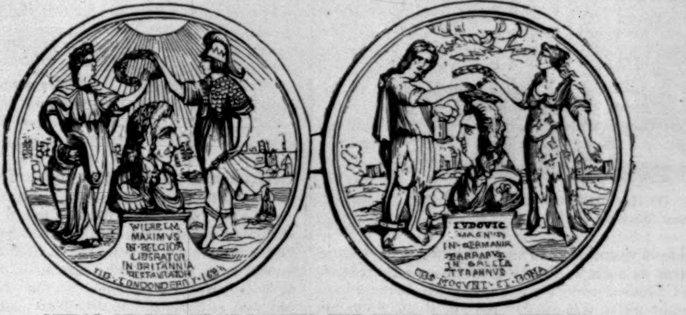
The wind, rising into a gale and driving the fleet swiftly onward, beat back the hostile navy and forced it into its harbor. No English vessels appeared to dispute the passage. From Dover and from Calais immense throngs of people watched the long line of the prince's ships. The guns roared, drums beat, the cymbals clashed in noisy harmony. The mighty pageant, filled with the destiny of ages, moved onward as if already a harbinger of peace. William intended to land at Torbay, but the error of a pilot carried him beyond his destination. It was nearly fatal; before him lay the hostile harbor of Plymouth; already a powerful English fleet was following in his rear. "Go to your prayers, doctor," said Russell to Burnet, "for all is lost." Then that Protestant wind which had borne William so swiftly to his aim, but which was now no longer useful, suddenly paused. A stillness followed, and the sun broke out. The south wind sprang up as if by a miracle, and carried the fleet gently to the safe shelter of Torbay, but, rising into a gale, broke fiercely upon the hostile navy that was pursuing, and again drove it back to port. William, when he touched the shore, exclaimed to Burnet: "Well, doctor, what do you think of predestination now?" A thrill of joy passed over his grave, sad countenance when he saw how well the winds and the waves had served him.

From the throng of anxieties and dangers that had weighed upon him for many months while he was gathering his soldiers and fitting out his fleet, William, thus suddenly relieved, might well rise to a transient exultation! Scarcely can there be found in history a more remarkable conjunction of events than that which had enabled the leader of reform to escape the observation of his enemies, and conduct his expedition to success. Instead of breaking into Holland, and crushing every hope of his rival, Louis, urged by some impulse of inferior weight, had sent his fine army to devastate the German frontier. James, equally blind to the singular importance of the moment, had refused the aid of the French fleet, and had roused anew the hatred of his subjects by acts of shameless duplicity. The hand of destiny had drawn a veil before the eyes of the two chiefs of the Romish reaction; nature had restrained its powers to bring William to a throne. But as he stood on the English shore he felt that only the united favor of the English people could confirm his triumph. He was a foreigner invading a powerful nation; it was not many years since De Ruyter and Van Tromp had waged a ruinous war against the commerce and the fleets of England. His exultation was momentary; his cares seemed ever renewed.

On a chill November evening William and his soldiers landed on the foreign shore; the earth was wet with frequent rains, and the low coast offered no pleasant shelter; nor was their welcome cheering. No troops of zealous Protestants met them at their first entrance into the country they had come to save; no preparation had been made to give them a festal greeting. Terror and apathy ruled over the people of the neighborhood, and for several days the prince lingered at Exeter, shunned by the clergy of the Established Church, and welcomed by no man of eminence in the state. But the peasants and the artisans met him with fond acclamations, and the people knew their friend. His foreign army brought no terror to the rustic population, for it was known that their purpose was one of humanity and of peace. It was composed of men who had fought for the preservation of liberal progress on many a battle-field; of Protestants, the foes or the victims of that gross superstition which threatened England with subjection, and whose cruelties and vices had spread terror in every town and hamlet from the Channel to the Scottish seas. There, by William's side, stood the bravest and the most eminent of the honest Huguenots who had so recently fled from the persecutions of the Jesuits in France, and whose gold, saved from their workshops and their factories, had alone enabled him to pay the large cost of his expedition; there were the courageous soldiers of Holland, whose well-trained squadrons had so often met the brilliant chivalry of Louis, and, however oppressed by superior numbers or surpassing skill, had still been able to defend their narrow territory, to become the stronghold of modern freedom; there, in the front, came a gallant band of English exiles, the victims of the tyranny of James; and there, the chief object of interest, ever ardent and cheerful when at the head of his army, rode William, the sole hope of Protestantism, his pallid but striking features glowing with the excitement of action, and his rare intellectual powers roused to their fullest vigor. A perfect discipline prevailed throughout the Protestant forces; no harm was done to noble or peasant. Even the papists were carefully protected. The horrors that invariably followed the march of a French or Spanish army were restrained by an iron discipline, or were, perhaps, undreamed of by those generous soldiers who had been educated in a purer faith. The army of liberation moved through the soft landscapes of Devon almost like a peaceful procession.

And now, after a brief pause of reflection, perhaps of doubt, all England, stirred by William's vigor, rose against its tyrant. Exeter was filled with a brilliant assemblage of nobles and gentry. William's "Declaration," a temperate statement of the dangers of the country and of his own unselfish designs, was every where read; the Protestants of the North and West disarmed the papists and declared for the prince. London was moved by a deep and ominous agitation; and when James, at the head of a powerful army, advanced to meet his son-in-law on the battle-field, his officers, one by one, abandoned him, and, except the Irish Catholics and a few priests and nobles, the fallen despot was left without a friend. Both his daughters, educated in a liberal faith, were found among the ranks of his opponents. His most trusted ministers betrayed him. He fled to London, terrified at the prospect of impeachment and a public trial, perhaps a public execution, like that of his father, Charles I., and at length strove to escape in disguise to the court of Louis. He was seized on the shore by a band of rude fishermen, and treated with singular indignities. He was brought again to London, and was once more driven, by his terrors and the arts of his opponents, to escape to France. Once more he prepared to fight for the crown of England, and, aided by the magnificent bounty of Louis, hoped to bring his rebellious kingdom under a lasting subjection to the Church of Rome.

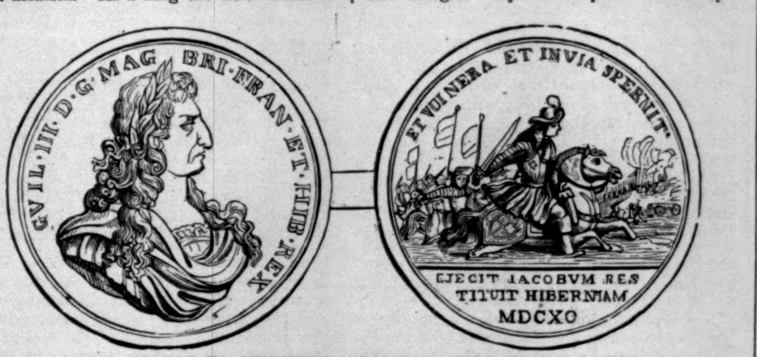
All England, meantime, flamed with orange banners and ribbons, and for a moment united in doing homage to that eminent intellect that had placed it again in the pathway of reform. Humanity has ever marked the course of Protestantism; no St. Bartholomew, no dragonnades, followed the triumph of the Dutch chief. In London for a brief period a furious mob tore down the Romish chapels, and sacked the houses of the Romish embassies, but it was soon suppressed. One night it was told that the Irish Catholics were on their way to sack the capital, and impale its mothers and its infants, as they were accustomed to do in their native massacres; but when the alarm subsided no harm was done to the ignorant Irish. Never was there a more bloodless revolution. William and his foreign army marched almost unopposed to London. Mary came over to join her husband, and strove to throw an air of customary gayety over the capital and the court. Yet scarcely was the fierce excitement of his dangers and his triumphs over when William's feeble frame sank under severe illness, and he seemed scarcely able to rule the kingdom he had set free. Factions arose in all their usual bitterness. The prince, feeble and irritable, was assailed by calumny, and treated with cold ingratitude. He learned to dislike the turbulent nation he had labored to save, and more than once had resolved to abandon forever the inclement climate and the inhospitable scenes of London for the smiling gardens of his native Hague.



MEDAL STRUCK UPON RAISING THE SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY.

That he did not do so was a happy event for England and for Europe. No other hand but his could have reformed the English Constitution, and given a lasting freedom to the English people. He consented to remain, and William and Mary were declared the joint sovereigns of England. The bells rang out; in every city and village it was told with joy that a Protestant king and queen reigned at London; that the Jesuits had been banished with James; that papists should no longer sit in the chief places of the Church; that the barbarous Irish and the French dragoons need no longer be looked for nightly by mothers and sisters who had heard of the persecutions in France and the atrocities of Ireland; that the most eminent Protestant of his day sat on the throne of England; that an honest man was king. The glad news crossed the Atlantic. New York and Boston, then modest villages, were touched by the new impulse of progress, and with William the sentiment of toleration ruled for the first time in the New World.

Yet the ceaseless toils of the chief of reform must still go on; his weary brain, his feeble frame, were never to know repose. Scarcely was William settled on his throne when a wide conspiracy was formed to drive him back to Holland. At the head of the plot were two depraved old men, the King of France and the exiled King of England. It is difficult, even in the annals of royalty, to find two characters marked with baser qualities, more hurtful to their kind, than were James and Louis. To the latter the conception of honor or of self-respect was wholly unknown. Had he been born in an inferior station, to cover himself with false gems or shine in tawdry magnificence he might have summoned up sufficient courage to commit a safe burglary, or would have hired himself as a secret assassin. As a king the rare virtues of his Huguenot subjects roused him to envious madness. He ordered their extermination. The wealth of Holland and Germany tempted him; he sent his armies to plunder them. His active intellect, corroded by moral corruption, always intent upon evil, now found a bad excitement in disturbing the peace of rejoicing England.


GVIL·III·D·G·MAG·BRI·FRAN·ET·HIB·REX
ET VULNERA ET INVIA SPERNIT.
EJECIT JACOBVM RESTITUIT HIBERNIAM
MDCXC

MEDAL STRUCK TO COMMEMORATE THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

James was a worthy companion for Louis—as vicious, as dishonest, less intelligent, even more cruel. In private life it is impossible to say to what depths of degradation he might have descended. His dull, criminal countenance, his brutal cruelty, his unchained passions, must have condemned him to the galleys or the jail. Unhappily for his subjects, yet fortunately for mankind, James was born to a throne, and his odious qualities led to a swift revolution that forms one of the most important steps in modern reform. In their magnificent retirement at Versailles or St. Germains the two leaders of the Romish reaction were never weary of planning extravagant schemes for the subjugation of England, and of reducing once more its heretical people to a modest submission to the Jesuits and to Mary. Nor were their hopes altogether ill-grounded. The English aristocracy, the statesmen and politicians of London, had long been degraded and tainted by the morals of Paris. They were accustomed to receive bribes from Louis, and to change their religion at the bidding of James. Nothing but the rage of the people and the dull bigotry and proscription of the king had driven them to revolt. But the austere honesty of William now promised them a reign in which corruption would be checked and bribery unknown. They could no longer with safety plunder the public treasury, or grow rich by boundless peculation. Marlborough, Halifax, Godolphin, and a throng of discontented nobles joined the conspiracy against William. They corresponded with the exiled king, and promised him an easy conquest of that kingdom from which he had so lately been expelled. Louis, enraged at his own blindness, which had allowed his chief rival to rise to such dangerous greatness and renown, lavished his gold in corrupting the English nobles, and offered to the conspirators the aid of his fleet and army. The Jesuits were again busy: from many a gilded shrine the prayers of devout Catholics went up for the confusion of that arch heretic who alone seemed to forbid the universal triumph of the Italian faith.

Ireland formed the most favorable point from whence to assail the unstable throne of William. It had never submitted to his authority. The Irish Catholics held a despotic control over their heretical neighbors; throngs of Protestants had fled from the threats and the tyranny of their savage masters to the safe shores of Scotland or England. Tyrconnel held Dublin for James, and it was believed that an army of a hundred thousand Irish might easily be collected, who, under French officers, and fired by religious enthusiasm, would employ all the forces of William, while the traitors rose in London and drove him from his realm. Conscious of his dangers, William showed no trace of alarm. His vigorous intellect rose to the height of its rare self-command. He met the corrupt nobles with a faint smile of contempt; he trusted to the support of the people.

The tidings sent from Ireland by Tyrconnel to Louis and James were sufficiently encouraging; nor could they have heard without satisfaction that in every part of the island the Rapparees, armed with long knives or skeans, were sacking the Protestant houses and driving their inmates in wild flight across the sea; that the green meadows of Meath and the bright waters of Wicklow were once more purged from heresy; that Dublin was ruled by a Catholic mob, and that far up in the North, behind the shattered walls of Derry and amidst the marshes of Enniskillen, the last adherents of the cause of reform were vainly striving to prolong their faint resistance, and must soon sink beneath famine and affright. Tyrconnel promised to lay a united Ireland at the feet of James. If he would but come in person, the Irish would surround him with an impenetrable barrier of devoted subjects, and drive every Saxon from their holy isle. In March, 1689, the exiled king set sail, with a powerful fleet, and many French officers to drill his Irish soldiers, and, loaded with the favors, the bounties, and the blessing of Louis, left the shores of friendly France. He reached Ireland, and began his triumphal march to Dublin. The hapless Celts, clad in rags, ignorant, and debased by a superstitious faith, thronged around their destroyers, welcomed the French soldiers and the imbecile king with wild applause, and laid green boughs in their path. At Dublin James established his motley court, harried a while the few remaining Protestants, and then marched to the North to extinguish the faint show of resistance that seemed ready to die out in Ulster. He approached with a large army the tottering walls of Derry. He summoned it to surrender. A rain of cannon-balls in reply nearly swept him from the earth. The brave garrison defied his utmost cruelty, and the king went back to Dublin, leaving to his foreign officers the siege of the heroic town.

All eyes were now fixed upon Derry (1689); months rolled away, yet still its weary garrison, unaided and lost amidst a throng of foes, persisted in a brave defense. Famine came upon them; they fed on green weeds and vermin; the Irish mocked at their distresses; half their number were sick or dead, but no man faltered, and at length two ships from England broke through the obstructions in the river and poured stores and provisions into the famished town. Derry was saved, and the Irish army, stained by horrible atrocities, fled back to their king at Dublin. William, meantime, was preparing to invade Ireland. He had already sent thither a considerable force under Schomberg, his best general, which had effected nothing; now, at the head of his Dutch, Huguenots, and English, he came to fight the great battle of Protestantism on the banks of the historic Boyne. The fate of Europe once more hung upon his success. If he should fail, if a random shot should pierce that feeble form, quench that heroic spirit, Louis might ride at will over trembling Holland or divided Germany. The treason of Marlborough, Halifax, and Godolphin might restore to James and the Jesuits the government of England. At the battle of the Boyne, in the savage wilds of Ireland, was decided the destiny of many generations.

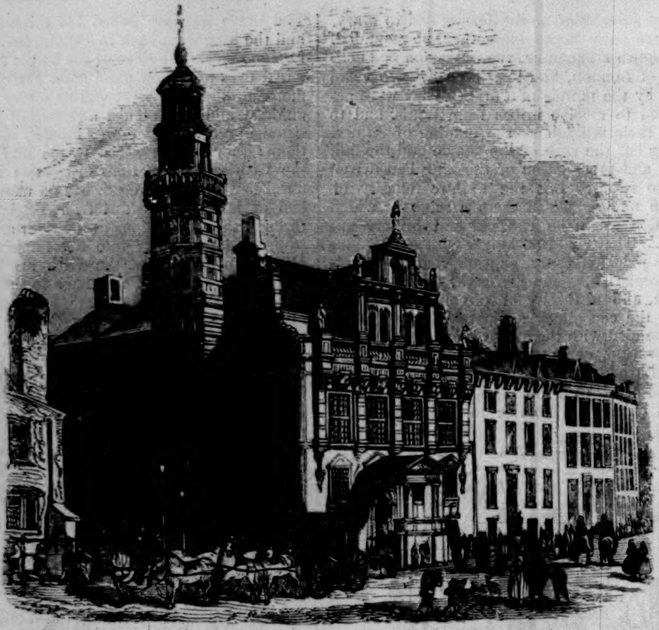
William left Mary to reign at London in his absence. He knew that she would be surrounded by traitors; that the malcontents were ready to spring at her throat; that she was environed with dangers. A French fleet was riding over the Channel, and a foreign army might land on the coast of Kent. He could only commend her to the care of Heaven, and confide in that Providence which had ever led him on to victory. With tears and bitter anguish Mary parted from her husband, whose exalted but painful career she had shared with patient affection. Hers had scarcely been a happy life. Fair, tall, graceful, stately, with no vigor of intellect nor depth of thought, Mary had early married William, and was soon lost in that fierce stream of excitement that surrounded the adventurous prince. For him she had aided in dethroning her father; was alienated from her sister; had given herself with ardor to William alone; had forgiven all his errors, and yielded to all his hopes. He had felt her devotion, and said to Burnet, as he set out for Ireland, "It is for the poor princess that I am most concerned. Be with her often."

As the two kings approached each other—the champions and the representatives of papal Rome and of Christian reform, the eminent examples of the two contending principles that now agitated the West—to decide upon the wild shores of Ireland the fate of their opposing creeds, a solemn interest filled all Europe: the Swiss from their busy valleys, the Vaudois, torn and bleeding beneath the persecutor's lash, the Jesuits in the halls of Versailles, just recovering from the bitter assaults of Pascal, the patient, industrious Hollander, the honest German, the vain and dissolute courtiers of Louis XIV., paused in their daily avocations to watch the encounter of the Protestant and the papist kings. William crossed over to the North of Ireland, was met by a clamor of rejoicing from the Protestants of Belfast and of Derry, and moving southward through a desolate country, sacked and harried by the popish invaders, approached, at the head of his fine army, the sloping banks of the Boyne. With intense joy he saw drawn up on its opposite side the forces of James awaiting the decisive conflict.

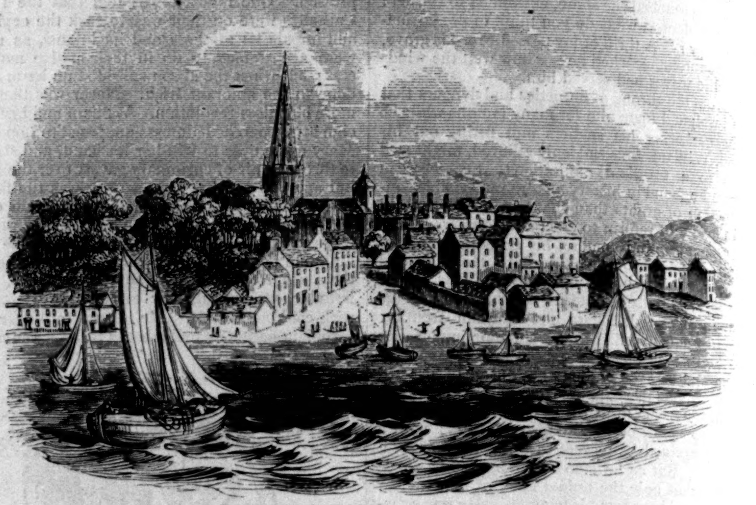
It was the height of the Irish summer. The Boyne, a bright and laughing stream, flows down along the rich meadows of Meath, the greenest of European pastures, and clothed in almost perpetual verdure, covered with flowers, glides into the Irish Sea. The battle-field is not many miles to the north of Dublin; it was a valley opening between moderate elevations; the river, shallow and swift, flowed through its midst. William resolved to cross and make the attack. But as he rode by the banks of the river, surrounded by his officers, the French placed two small cannon behind a shelter, and fired upon him from a short distance. He was wounded. The report spread that he was dead. The news was carried over the seas, and filled London with terror and Versailles with extravagant joy. But William, scarcely noticing his wound, drew up his troops for battle.

Seldom have two armies been animated by a fiercer hostility than those that now surveyed each other from the banks of the Boyne. On the southern side, half hidden by intrenchments, swamps, and shrubbery, stretched out long lines of Irish cavalry and foot—that vindictive and barbarous soldiery that had lately filled every corner of Ireland with inexpiable crimes. They were papists, who had been taught that to kill a heretic was a certain pledge of salvation; Celts, who sprang upon the Saxon with the fury of wild beasts. James could not have found more appropriate defenders than that unhappy race, which had been reduced by the crimes of the popes from a comparative civilization to the condition of savages. By the side of the Irish were arrayed the French Catholics. They were the men who had hunted the Huguenots from their homes; who had committed atrocities in every part of France not surpassed by their Romish brethren in Ireland; whose officers encouraged their excesses, and advocated the extermination of heretics. French and Irish had plainly resolved to give no quarter. On the breast of every soldier was sewn a white cross, that dreadful emblem that had graced the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

William's army was gathered from every Protestant land. It was composed of men of cultivation and of piety, but who had lately felt or seen, in their own persons, the worst outrages of Romish barbarity. His best soldiers and officers were



TOWN-HOUSE, HAGUE, WITH CARRIAGE OF PRINCE OF ORANGE. 1686.
[FROM PRINTS OF THE TIME.]

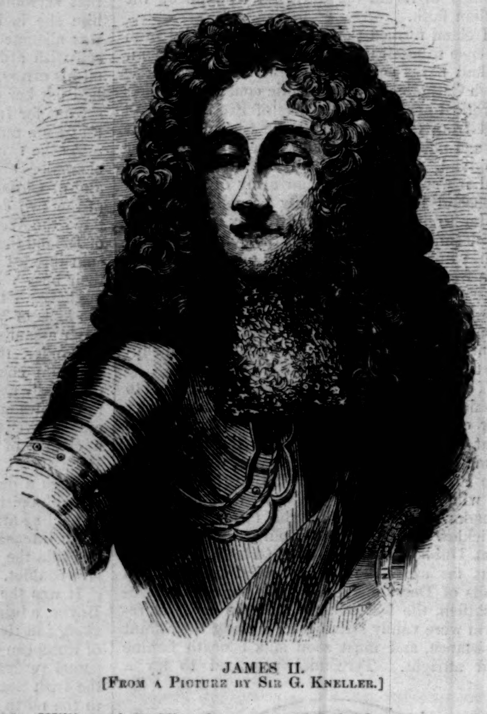


LONDONDERRY.—[FROM AN OLD PRINT.]

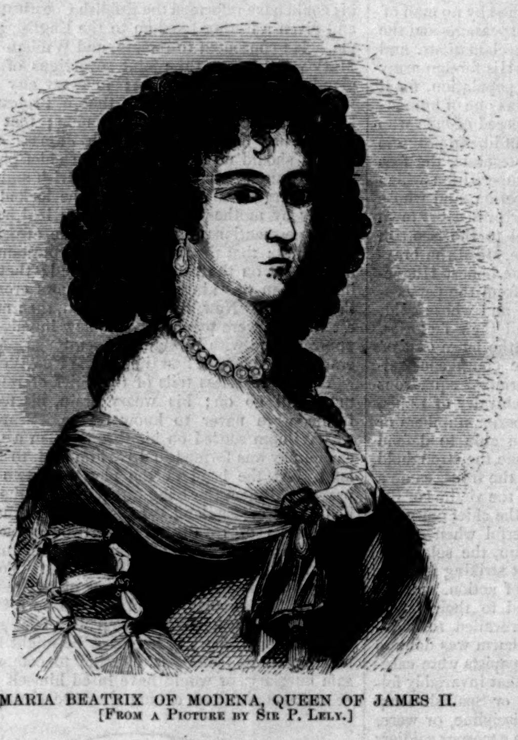
Huguenots. At his summons the French Protestants had come in throngs from their hiding-places in Switzerland, Holland, and Germany to aid in crushing the project of universal dominion which their persecutor, Louis, was striving to effect by the ruin of English freedom. Schomberg, once a marshal of France, but who, in extreme old age, had left his early home to enjoy a liberal faith, was their commander. He was esteemed the best tactician in Europe. His thick regiments of Huguenots, governed by a perfect discipline, on that dreadful day made a splendid show along the bright waters of the Boyne. Its green banks were trodden by long lines of Dutch, the heroes of many a religious warfare; by German princes and German soldiers from Protestant states; by English, just escaped from the tyranny of the Jesuits and James; by the brave men of the North of Ireland who had fought behind the walls of Derry and among the marshes of Enniskillen, with a nobler courage than that of despair, that their children and their children's children might have freedom to worship God. They saw the white cross on the shoulders of their foe; they remembered St. Bartholomew; they moved on proudly to victory or death beneath the yellow flag of Orange.

James's army was inferior in numbers to his foes, but it was protected in front by intrenchments, morasses, and by the valley and waters of the Boyne. It was not unskillfully arranged on high ground. William had, perhaps, thirty-four thousand men; James scarcely thirty. William's plan was to cross the Boyne and move openly upon the enemy. He marched at the head of his forces; James kept at a safe distance from the battle-field, in the rear. A day hotter than usual in that temperate climate opened upon the contest. It was July 1, 1690. William, full of animation, rode amidst his forces, cheering them by his words or looks. His soldiers, at his command, sprang upon their foes; they plunged into the stream; the Irish attacked them in the bed of the river, and, veiled in smoke and lit by incessant gleams of fire, the Boyne rolled to the sea. At the head of his cavalry, swimming, wading, half lost in clouds of smoke, William, his right hand disabled by his wound, gained the hostile bank, to find Schomberg dead but his soldiers victorious. The Irish had fled in strange terror as soon as the Huguenots and the Dutch had crossed the river. The Irish horse alone fought well; the greater part of them were cut to pieces. The French Catholics did nothing. James was the first of his army to fly, and reached Dublin, the bearer of the news of his own defeat. He soon after escaped to France.

From the battle of the Boyne William entered Dublin, the master of Ireland. He was merciful, and treated no one with severity. Mary wept with joy when she heard of his success. England once more received its king with bonfires and acclamations, and the conqueror of the Boyne was revered in every Protestant land, where the seeds of reform were now slowly and timidly germinating, but nowhere with more stern enthusiasm than in the plantations of New England and New York. The battle of the Boyne had secured the freedom of America; the yellow badge of Orange was the symbol of progressive liberty to nations yet unborn.



JAMES II.
[FROM A PICTURE BY SIR G. KNELLER.]



MARIA BEATRIX OF MODENA, QUEEN OF JAMES II.
[FROM A PICTURE BY SIR P. LELY.]

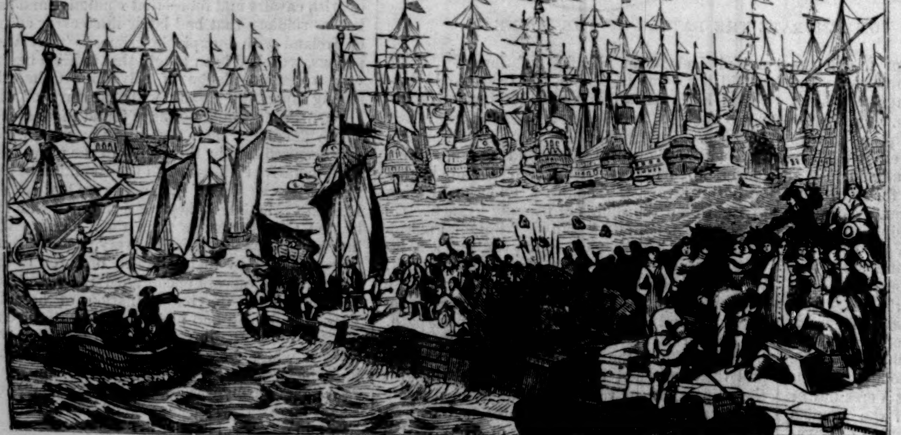
The last years of William's life were usefully employed in teaching Europe lessons of liberality and toleration. Holland and England flourished beneath his care. He persecuted no one, and saved the world from persecutors. Louis in his old age still plotted a dreadful destruction for Holland and the German frontier, but William successfully opposed him. Mary died, leaving him alone. He had now but one aim in life, and labored to throw a perpetual bulwark around his native land, to save that feeble community from the evil ambition of France.

James, his competitor, passed the close of his life less usefully. His chief aim seems to have been to effect the assassination of William. Jesuits had taught in their accommodating casuistry that murder was no sin when done with a good intention, and Pascal had explained the fatal doctrine to the world with immortal clearness. But the Jesuits had never recanted. They were the teachers of James and Louis, and the two kings were no unworthy disciples of a school that inculcated or palliated every crime. Their assassins hunted William in his palace, beset him in his army, followed him to the chase. His life was often saved by a miracle; he seemed sheltered alone by an ever-watchful Providence, while the papal murderers, at the head of great armies, waited on the shores of France to profit by his death, and let loose upon the progressive people of England the horrors of a Catholic crusade.

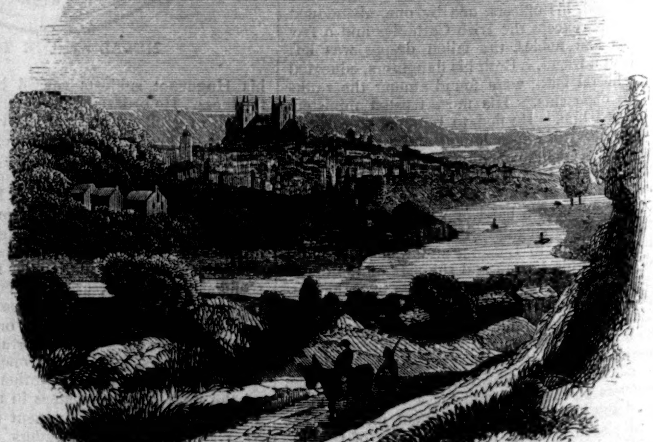
When Louis, in direct violation of his word, had placed his grandson on the throne of Spain, William formed a grand alliance of the chief European powers to destroy the dangerous preponderance of France. Soon after he fell from his horse, and his feeble constitution yielded to the shock. He died in his fifty-third year. Yet the last blow aimed by his master intellect was successful, and eight years had scarcely passed before the victories of Marlborough and Eugene had reduced France to a depth of humiliation from which it never recovered, and had assured to the reformers of Europe and America a period of tranquil progress that placed them above the utmost malice of the Jesuits and Rome.

Such was William of Orange, the sickly and thoughtful youth, who, at an age when most men have scarcely learned the common business of life, stood amidst the ruins of his country, and roused the patriotic ardor of his people; who became in early manhood the first statesman of Europe; who saved England and America from a terrible doom; who controlled the policy of half the European courts; whose painful life, ever wasted by disease, threatened by the assassin's dagger, worn by ceaseless labors, was dedicated to the welfare of mankind, and the advance of mental freedom.

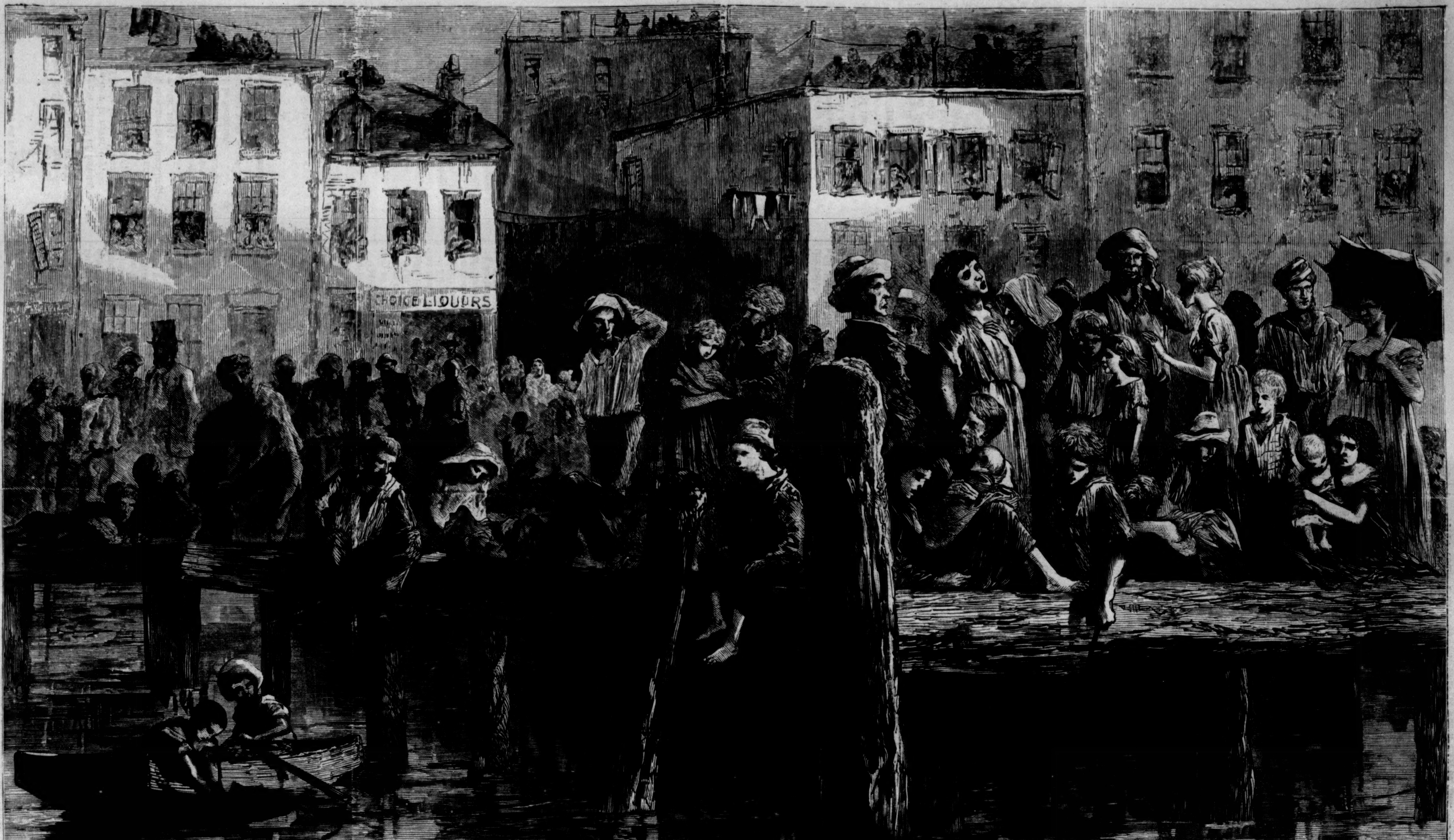
From William's period we may trace the swift decay of the corrupting visions of the Middle Ages. Honesty and integrity began to be prized among nations. Humanity and toleration in all Protestant lands slowly advanced. Men no longer gathered their conceptions of duty from the diseased intellect of an Italian priest. It was discovered that it was not right to kill for opinion's sake, or to enforce the worship of Mary by the sword. The Germanic races, at least, were emancipated; and the Saxons of England and the Batavians of Holland, the Teuton and the Huguenot, began to plant in the New World the germs of that liberal progress for which they had fought so bravely, side by side, under the gallant lead of William, at the battle of the Boyne.



EMBARKATION OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE AT HELVOETSLUYS.



EXETER.—[FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING.]



THE POOR IN SUMMER—GATHERING ON THE DOCKS FOR A BREATH OF FRESH AIR.—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 854.]

THE POOR IN SUMMER.

[See Illustration on Page 853.]

I.

AWAY from the crowded city,
The noisy and stifling street,
Where the walls are blinding with sunshine,
And the wind is scorched with heat
In the cool green shade of forests,
Where the dew is never dry,
A twitter of birds in the branches,
And little blue spots of sky;
In dreamy mountain gorges,
Where lingers the mist at noon,
And snow-fed streams run darkling,
Singing a winter tune;
Beside the sandy beaches,
The weedy and trampled floor,
Where the great Sea rolls forever
Its long waves in on the shore:
How beautiful is Summer,
And happy those who share
The fullness of her being
With the sea and the sky and the air!

II.

Beautiful is the Summer!
But only to the few
Who follow her where she beckons
In sun and rain and dew.
The many shut in cities,
Amid the smoke and dust,
Whose lives are sternly ordered,
Not as they would, but *must;*
Between the bier and cradle
Who draw no idle breath:
Dreadful to them is Summer—
Another name for Death!
—Where iron wheels are whirring,
And ponderous hammers fall;
Where here a rock is blasted,
And rises there a wall;
Where ships discharge their cargoes,
And the wharves are piled with bales;
Or, clambering up the rigging
To furl the windy sails,
The husband, father, labors
To earn their daily bread,
No hope of good times coming,
No rest—till the man is dead!
—In low and noisome cellars,
Whose walls with mould are damp;
In dark and dreary garrets,
The home of thief and tramp;
In murderous slums and alleys,
That shun the tell-tale sun—
Behold the wife, the mother,
Whose work is never done!
Untidy, care-worn women,
Who o'er the wash-tub bend,
Are always cooking messes,
Have always clothes to mend;
Make slop-work for the sailors,
And while their fingers fly
Their feet keep rocking cradles,
Where fretful children cry.
The children! oh, the children!
That every hour are born,
To suffer, like their parents,
To live and die forlorn!
The puny babe that suckles,
The child upon the floor,
And the larger ones that wallow
In the mud about the door—
God pity them in summer,
Poor children of the poor!

III.

God help the poor in Summer!
What is there in their lives
To make them worth the having
In such infernal hives?
How do they bear existence?
What Spirit is it that brings
The color to their faces,
With healing in its wings?
It is the blessed Night-wind,
That ere the sun is down,
Comes like a benediction
Upon the dying Town.
Across the broad, bright rivers
That burned like fire all day—
Down from the northern highlands,
Up from the southern bay;
From the depth of mighty forests,
And leagues of briny foam,
Benignest of all Spirits
That make the world their home!
From garrets, and from cellars,
From street, and alley, and slum,
You weary fathers and mothers,
You little children, come!
Down to the wharves they hurry
To breathe the cooling wind—
Only the dead and dying
And the watchers left behind.
Husbands and wives bare-headed—
No thought of their uncombed hair,
Their sleeves rolled up to the shoulders,
And the mother-bosom bare.
The babe in arms is suckling;
He crows with his delight;
He is drinking more—the darling—
Than mother's milk to-night!
Strengthen the child, O Night-wind!
Lengthen his little span;
And the gray old man beside him—
Strengthen the poor old man!
Surround their souls with comfort,
And be thy fresh, sweet breath
A spell to scatter sickness,
And the dreadful shadow—Death!
Possess the crowded city,
And enter every door,
Thou heavenly summer Night-wind,
God's Angel to the Poor!

EXCHANGING RINGS.

PRUDENCE HOLMES sat alone in the wide, shady kitchen, busily engaged in "picking over" whortleberries. Without, the golden sunshine of an August afternoon bathed the green fields and the dusty road that wound away to the village, and touched with richer color the nasturtiums, sweet-pease, geraniums, and zinnias in the tiny garden, and the heavy Virginia creeper that climbed and blossomed above the door. Prudence made a pretty picture as she sat on a low cricket, with a big calico apron spread over her blue-sprigged muslin dress to defend it from the stains that had soiled her little brown hands. She was a petite, daintily rounded maiden of eighteen, with great dark eyes, and glossy curls shading a fair brow, and cheeks that had a touch of wild-rose bloom upon them. The kitchen, too, made a pretty picture, with its well-scoured floor and dresser, its asparagus-topped clock, its shining stove, with bunches of herbs hung behind it, and the great bouquet of vivid cardinal-flowers set on the snowy table.

The kitchen was perfectly still, save the buzz of flies and the tick of the clock; and outside the crickets and the locusts alone disturbed the silence. Prudence believed that every one in the house was asleep but herself, and yawned somewhat wearily as she tossed over the berries, finishing the yawn with a bit of a soliloquy uttered half aloud:

"Oh dear! this having summer boarders isn't very nice!"

"Miss Prudence," said a voice in the doorway, so suddenly that Prudence nearly upset her berries in her surprise.

"Oh, Mr. Wentworth, is it you?" she said, bashfully, bending down to pick up a few berries that had rolled from her apron.

"I'll pick 'em up!" exclaimed the new-comer—a tall and rather aristocratic-looking youth of twenty-one, with merry blue eyes, and short auburn hair curling closely under a straw hat—diving for the missing berries with ungraceful dexterity. "Yes, it is I, of course. Have you forgotten your promise to go after lilies with me this afternoon?"

"Oh, but I didn't say this afternoon, you know; only some afternoon this week!" responded Prudence, demurely.

"Well, we'll call it this afternoon, won't we?" was the persuasive rejoinder, as the straw hat was tossed on a chair.

"I can't; I've got these berries to pick over."

"I'll help you. Lend me half that apron, and we'll have them done in a trice."

"But I shall have supper to get. Mother's away, and there are biscuits to make," insisted Prudence, turning her face away to hide a smile that would curve her lips.

"Never mind that," responded Mr. Abbott Wentworth, bringing a chair to her side. "Tea's at six, isn't it? and it's only half past two. We'll be back by five, without fail, and have time to get half the lilies in the river;" and he began to assort a handful of berries with much earnestness.

"W-e-ll," assented Prudence, after a pause for consideration and a glance at the clock—"I can go for a little while, perhaps. Oh, don't stain your coat, Mr. Wentworth."

But Mr. Wentworth was sublimely indifferent to his coat, and worked with such good-will that the berries were soon picked over, and Prudence and himself on their way to the river. Five minutes later Prudence, with her draperies daintily bestowed around her, was seated in the stern of a little boat, which, propelled by Mr. Wentworth's practiced hands, shot swiftly down stream.

Although Mr. Wentworth said to Prudence five times within one hour that it was a lovely day, and although Prudence assented every time, I hardly think they appreciated the beauty around them, for Prudence was quite absorbed with the lilies and the reflections in the water, and Mr. Wentworth looked more at his companion than at the aspects of nature. They had gathered enough lilies to satisfy them, and Prudence was leaning backward and idly trailing one hand in the water, when she suddenly uttered a little scream, and sat erect, with white cheeks, from which the color had been frightened.

"Oh, I almost lost it! How careless I am!" she exclaimed, replacing an old-fashioned ring, set with a tiny circle of rubies, on her finger.

"Did the water sweep it off your hand?"

"I suppose so. It's too large for me. I'm always losing it and finding it again. I wouldn't lose it entirely for the world, because it used to be grandmother's. She gave it to me."

"What a curious old ring it is!" said Mr. Wentworth, with interest. "May I look at it? Don't trouble yourself to take it off," he added, drawing in his oars and leaning toward his companion.

Prudence allowed her tiny brown hand to lie in his aristocratic white one a moment, then coquettishly withdrew it.

"Isn't it pretty?" she inquired, archly.

"Very pretty. Shall I tell you how to guard against losing it in future?"

"Oh yes, if you please."

"Wear this little ring of mine to guard it; or, better yet, exchange with me. Give me yours, and take this instead," said the young man, daringly.

Provoking Prudence looked at the heavily chased gold ring he held out to her, and then looked back at the water with an innocent,

"Oh, I don't think it would fit."

"Try it," suggested her companion, softly.

Prudence shook her head, but finally agreed, blushingly, that "it would do no harm to try," and slipped the ring on her forefinger.

"It's a perfect fit!" cried Mr. Wentworth, delightedly. "Nothing could be better. Why, Miss Prudence, you surely don't mean to give it back?"

"Of course I do," was the saucy rejoinder. "Why not?"

"Because," said Mr. Wentworth, speaking very earnestly, and disregarding his oars altogether, while he tried to get a glimpse of the face hidden by the flat hat—"because I meant to ask you to wear it always for my sake. I meant to ask you—"

"Oh, Mr. Wentworth," cried his listener here, "do see that lily on your left! Won't you get it for me?"

"I'll get you that and twenty others if you'll listen to me first. Do you care for me, Prudence? Will you marry me?"

Prudence's face was turned away, and her head bent lower and lower. A crimson flush stole over ear, neck, and chin.

"Prudence!"

No answer. Her companion leaned over and took her hand again, venturously.

"Prudence, will you wear the ring?" he questioned, softly.

But the hand was hastily drawn away; a pair of saucy black eyes flashed into his own, and Prudence's merry laugh rang over the water.

"I'd rather have grandma's, please. I ought to go home, Mr. Wentworth, for I know it's almost tea-time."

Mr. Wentworth put his ring in his pocket, and took up the oars again energetically without a word. He was fresh from college, and had held the stroke oar in many a race, but he never made better time than he made that afternoon in rowing up the river. The light boat shot along, and the rower's brows were knitted and his teeth set. Not once did he look at Prudence, who sat in half-puzzled, half-alarmed silence, now and then stealing sidewise glances at the offended young Hercules from under her hat.

Mr. Wentworth drew a breath of relief when the boat at last grated on the sand, and, having assisted Prudence to land, and curtly offered to carry her lilies, he shouldered the oars and marched grimly toward the house by her side. Prudence, somewhat bewildered and more angry, made no effort to break the silence, and studiously endeavored to "keep from crying." When he at last left her at the door, with a cool "Thank you, Miss Prudence," and departed to carry the oars to the barn, it was well he did not look back, for Miss Prudence tossed the lilies aside with a petulant gesture, and had a fit of crying, with her head on the kitchen table.

When Mr. Wentworth returned from the barn half an hour later he *did* see a picture that comforted him a little through the hop-wreathed pantry window. It was Prudence, with her sleeves pinned up, moulding biscuits with desperate haste, while the tears fell thickly on her high calico apron. This picture so amazed Mr. Wentworth that he retreated hastily behind a lilac-bush to observe it, and lingered so long that he was late at tea.

That was a model supper-table. There was the great dish of berries with snowy cream beside, flanked by cheese and raspberry jam. There were two mountainous plates of snowy biscuits, contrasting with the golden sponge-cake and the richer gold of butter. Mr. Wentworth, who had supposed he should never have an appetite again, felt quite revived by the sight of this table and the memory of the picture. The rest of the boarders seemed to share the sensation, for the group of muslin and broadcloth was very hilarious, and the eatables disappeared rapidly. Prudence, presiding between the tea-pots, seemed rather out of spirits; but Farmer Holmes atoned for her silence by unusual jollity.

When the biscuits were passed a second time to Mr. Wentworth he saw that only one was left, and would have refused decorously, but the hospitable farmer pressed it upon him.

"Don't be afraid of it. There's plenty more in the kitchen—ain't there, Prudence?"

Thus pressed, Mr. Wentworth accepted the biscuit, and Prudence disappeared to replenish the plate. Mr. Wentworth divided the biscuit, then dropped it suddenly, with an exclamation that brought every eye upon him. There, imbedded in the light, white bread, lay Prudence's ruby ring!

Such a shout of laughter arose that it brought Prudence back from the kitchen in haste, just in time to see Mr. Wentworth coolly remove the ring from the biscuit, amidst the merry chorus, and drop it in his waistcoat pocket, "to be kept till called for," he said, with a significant glance at her scarlet face.

Poor Prudence! there was no peace for her after that. An army of jokes quite overwhelmed her protestations and disclaimings, and she was thankful to beat a retreat to the kitchen when the meal was over. But even there she was pursued by a laughing trio of ladies, and harassed with questions and wonderment and merriment until the last dish was set away, and she had seized her hat, with the excuse that she must go to the village for letters. Instead of going to the village, however, she stole along the hedge, climbed the wall, and ran to the farthest end of the orchard, where she flung herself on the ground, and cried as if her heart would break.

She had, perhaps, cried half an hour before a step, crushing the dry grass at her side, roused her, and the very voice she most dreaded to hear said,

"I've come to return your ring, Miss Prudence."

Poor little Prudence sat up hastily, and took the unfortunate ring with a faltering "Thank you;" then immediately hid her face again.

"You needn't thank me. I should have brought it before, but I couldn't find you. I hope you're not troubled about those ridiculous jokes," he added, dignifiedly.

"N-no," responded Prudence, miserably, between her sobs. "I—I thought you'd think I did it on p-purpose."

"How could I have thought so? It was a mere accident my getting that particular biscuit. I'm very sorry you've been so annoyed in this way. I'm going away to-morrow, Miss Prudence."

The sobs partially ceased, and Prudence said, surprisedly, "Are you?"

"Won't you bid me good-by?"

Prudence said, "Yes," unsteadily, but did not raise her head.

"You will shake hands, won't you, Miss Prudence?"

No answer.

"I can't go away while you are offended with me. Won't you at least tell me why you are crying?"

"Because I—I lost my grandmother's ring," sobbed Prudence, making a great effort for composure.

Mr. Wentworth laughed in spite of himself.

"Why, it's safe on your finger, and not a whit the worse for its baking. Is there no other reason?"

"N-no."

"But there is. I shall never have another happy moment if I've offended you," said Mr. Wentworth, tragically. "I was a brute to treat you as I did this afternoon; but I'm going away, and I sha'n't annoy you again. Won't you forgive me now, and shake hands?"

Another long silence. Mr. Wentworth turned away in despair, but was detained by a faltering voice:

"I—I'll forgive you, if—"

"Well?" was the breathless interposition.

"You—won't—go—away."

The more observant boarders noticed at breakfast the next morning that Mr. Abbott Wentworth wore the ring he had found in the biscuit on the little finger of his left hand, and that Prudence wore a heavily chased gold circle in the place of her lost ornament. To use the words of one of the before-named boarders, "That tells the whole story."

"HOW TO LIVE ON SIXPENCE A DAY."

THIS is the title of a little pamphlet just published by an English gentleman, Dr. Nichols, in which he undertakes to show that "the average man" can not only live on sixpence a day, but that such living "will make him, like 'early to bed and early to rise,' healthy, wealthy, witty, and wise." Perhaps it was not to be expected that the sixpence a day should cover the cost of clothes, house-rent, rates, taxes, and other concomitants of civilization; and so we acquiesce with a sigh in the propriety of leaving such matters out of the consideration. It is enough to be convinced that, "so far as food and drink are concerned, every one can live nicely, comfortably, healthfully, on sixpence a day." We are especially careful to mark the word drink; for we remember that a learned judge, being asked upon a certain occasion whether a thirsty locked-up jury might have some water supplied to them, said that "as he didn't think it was meat, and he was quite sure it wasn't drink, they might be allowed to have it."

We move cautiously forward, and the doctor soon shows of what he is capable. "Whether we eat milk, or butter, or cheese, or beefsteak, or a mutton-chop, we eat grass at second-hand," he says; and "all flesh is grass," he quotes, in a sense which is certainly not intended in the Scriptural passage, and which would justify cannibalism. What conclusion is he about to draw? Are we, in order to keep within our sixpence a day, to follow the example of Nebuchadnezzar? But things are not quite so bad as we fear. He puts his veto upon all flesh of land animals; but he allows an occasional pennyworth of fish, and the grains, vegetables, and fruits he recommends are in number as the sand upon the sea-shore. If you wish to be a real epicure upon sixpence a day, "a pennyworth of potatoes and a pennyworth of dried cod-fish boiled together, then both mashed and mixed together with a bit of butter, make an excellent dish. Add a pennyworth of greens, and you never need dine better." Of course, if you had to entertain some genteel personage, you would add some "cracked wheat mush, milk, sugar, and stewed prunes." But the chief question in all these affairs is with what choice liquor you are to wash down all these dainties; and the reply is, rain-water. Filtered, if you like; but, in any case, rain-water. The doctor declares it were far better to drink even light wines than tea and coffee, which, under certain circumstances, entail all sorts of diseases, and especially paralysis and apoplexy. The fare he appears to particularly recommend is oatmeal assisted by rain-water; and he desires that this combination should be taken "in pleasant company, gayly and mirthfully, and, in every case, with thanksgiving."

But has the doctor any examples to advance of persons who have really lived on sixpence or less a day? He has many; but it can not be said that they are satisfactory or encouraging. The cases he alludes to of persons who are believed to have lived on very little food or "none whatever" belong, as he justly observes, "to the supernatural order." The many abstemious saints, too, whom he mentions by name, can not be considered to strengthen his cause; for he undertakes to gratify the senses as well as satisfy the mere bodily wants of men, whereas the abstemiousness of the saints was confessedly penitential. Nor is the doctor more fortunate in the "millions" who, according to his account, "live on less" than sixpence a day. He finds them in "some poor-law unions," in "the Irish prisons," and in other places; but he makes no attempt to show that they find their condition "delightful to the senses," or that, however healthy they may be, they are "wealthy, or witty, or wise."

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HOW THE "GOATS" REVOLTED.

In less than a week after the events last related, the members of the "Goat Club" were summoned to an extraordinary and general meeting by an invitation from the vice-president, Mr. M'Gloin, the chief grocer and hardware-dealer of Kilbeggan. The terms of this circular seemed to indicate importance, for it said—"To take into consideration a matter of vital interest to the society."

Though only the denizen of a very humble country town, M'Gloin possessed certain gifts and qualities which might have graced a higher station. He was the most self-contained and secret of men; he detected mysterious meanings in every—the smallest—event of life; and as he divulged none of his discoveries, and only pointed vaguely and dimly to the consequences, he got credit for the correctness of his unuttered predictions as completely as though he had registered his prophecies as copyright at Stationers' Hall. It is needless to say that on every question, religious, social, or political, he was the paramount authority of the town. It was but rarely indeed that a rebellious spirit dared to set up an opinion in opposition to his; but if such a hazardous event were to occur, he would suppress it with a dignity of manner which derived no small aid from the resources of a mind rich in historical parallel; and it was really curious for those who believe that history is always repeating itself to remark how frequently John M'Gloin represented the mind and character of Lycurgus, and how often poor old dreary and bog-surrounded Moate recalled the image of Sparta and its "sunny slopes."

Now there is one feature of Ireland which I am not quite sure is very generally known or appreciated on the other side of St. George's Channel, and this is the fierce spirit of indignation called up in a country habitually quiet when the newspapers bring it to public notice as the scene of some lawless violence. For once there is union among Irishmen. Every class, from the estated proprietor to the humblest peasant, is loud in asserting that the story is an infamous falsehood. Magistrates, priests, agents, middlemen, tax-gatherers, and tax-payers rush into print to abuse the "blackguard"—he is always the blackguard—who invented the lie; and men upward of ninety are quoted to show that, so long as they could remember, there never was a man injured, nor a rick burned, nor a heifer hamstrung in the six baronies round! Old newspapers are adduced to show how often the going judge of assize has complimented the grand jury on the catalogue of crime; in a word, the whole population is ready to make oath that the county is little short of a terrestrial paradise, and that it is a district teeming with gentle landlords, pious priests, and industrious peasants, without a plague-spot on the face of the county, except it be the police barrack, and the company of lazy vagabonds with cross-belts and carbines that lounge before it. When, therefore, the press of Dublin at first, and afterward of the empire at large, related the night attack for arms at Kilgobbin Castle, the first impulse of the county at large was to rise up in the face of the nation and deny the slander! Magistrates consulted together whether the high sheriff should not convene a meeting of the county. Priests took counsel with the bishop whether notice should not be taken of the calumny from the altar. The small shopkeepers of the small towns, assuming their trade would be impaired by these rumors of disturbance—just as Parisians used to declaim against barricades in the streets—are violent in denouncing the malignant falsehoods upon a quiet and harmless community: so that, in fact, every rank and condition vied with its neighbor in declaring that the whole story was a base tissue of lies, and which could only impose upon those who knew nothing of the county, nor of the peaceful, happy, and brother-like creatures who inhabited it.

It was not to be supposed that, at such a crisis, Mr. John M'Gloin would be inactive or indifferent. As a man of considerable influence at elections, he had his weight with a county member, Mr. Price; and to him he wrote, demanding that he should ask in the House what correspondence had passed between Mr. Kearney and the Castle authorities with reference to this supposed outrage, and whether the law officers of the Crown, or the adviser of the Viceroy, or the chief of the local police, or—to quote the exact words—"any sane or respectable man in the county" believed one word of the story. Lastly, that he would also ask whether any and what correspondence had passed between Mr. Kearney and the Chief Secretary with respect to a small house on the Kilgobbin property which Mr. Kearney had suggested as a convenient police station, and for which he asked a rent of twenty-five pounds per annum; and if such correspondence existed, whether it had any or what relation to the rumored attack on Kilgobbin Castle.

If it should seem strange that a leading member of the "Goat Club" should assail its president, the explanation is soon made: Mr. M'Gloin had long desired to be the chief himself. He and many others had seen, with some irritation and displeasure, the growing indifference of Mr. Kearney for the "Goats." For many months he had never called them together, and several members had resigned, and many more threatened resignation. It was time, then, that some energetic step should be taken. The opportunity for this was highly favorable. Any thing unpatriotic, any thing even unpopular in Kearney's conduct, would, in the then temper of the club, be sufficient to rouse them to actual rebellion; and it was to test this sentiment, and, if necessary, to stimulate it, Mr. M'Gloin convened a meeting, which a by-law of the society enabled him to do at any period when, for the three preceding months, the president had not assembled the club.

Though the members generally were not a little proud of their president, and deemed it considerable glory to them to have a viscount for their chief, and though it gave great dignity to their debates that the rising speaker should begin, "My Lord and Buck Goat," yet they were not without dissatisfaction at seeing how cavalierly he treated them, what slight value he appeared to attach to their companionship, and how perfectly indifferent he seemed to their opinions, their wishes, or their wants.

There were various theories in circulation to explain this change of temper in their chief. Some ascribed it to young Kearney, who was a "stuck-up" young fellow, and wanted his father to give himself greater airs and pretensions. Others opinioned it was the daughter, who, though she played Lady Bountiful among the poor cottiers, and affected interest in the people, was in reality the proudest of them all. And last of all, there were some who, in open defiance of chronology, attributed the change to a post-dated event, and said that the swells from the Castle were the ruin of Maurice Kearney, and that he was never the same man since the day he saw them.

Whether any of these were the true solution of the difficulty or not, Kearney's popularity was on the decline at the moment when this unfortunate narrative of the attack on his castle aroused the whole county and excited their feelings against him. Mr. M'Gloin took every step of his proceeding with due measure and caution; and having secured a certain number of promises of attendance at the meeting, he next notified to his lordship how, in virtue of a certain section of a certain law, he had exercised his right of calling the members together; and that he now begged respectfully to submit to the chief that some of the matters which would be submitted to the collective wisdom would have reference to the "Buck Goat" himself, and that it would be an act of great courtesy on his part if he should condescend to be present and afford some explanation.

That the bare possibility of being called to account by the "Goats" would drive Kearney into a ferocious passion, if not a fit of the gout, M'Gloin knew well; and that the very last thing on his mind would be to come among them, he was equally sure of: so that in giving his invitation there was no risk whatever. Maurice Kearney's temper was no secret; and whenever the necessity should arise that a burst of indiscreet anger should be sufficient to injure a cause or damage a situation, "the lord" could be calculated on with a perfect security. M'Gloin understood this thoroughly; nor was it matter of surprise to him that a verbal reply of "There is no answer" was returned to his note; while the old servant, instead of stopping the ass-cart as usual for the weekly supply of groceries at M'Gloin's, repaired to a small shop over the way, where colonial products were rudely jostled out of their proper places by coils of rope, sacks of rape-seed, glue, glass, and leather, amidst which the proprietor felt far more at home than amidst mixed pickles and Mocha.

Mr. M'Gloin, however, had counted the cost of his policy; he knew well that, for the ambition to succeed his lordship as chief of the club, he should have to pay by the loss of the Kilgobbin custom; and whether it was that the greatness in prospect was too tempting to resist, or that the sacrifice was smaller than it might have seemed, he was prepared to risk the venture.

The meeting was in so far a success that it was fully attended. Such a flock of "Goats" had not been seen by them since the memory of man, nor was the unanimity less remarkable than the number; and every paragraph of Mr. M'Gloin's speech was hailed with vociferous cheers and applause; the sentiment of the assembly being evidently highly national, and the feeling that the shame which the Lord of Kilgobbin had brought down upon their county was a disgrace that attached personally to each man there present; and that if now their once happy and peaceful district was to be proclaimed under some tyranny of English law, or, worse still, made a mark for the insult and sarcasm of the *Times* newspaper, they owed the disaster and the shame to no other than Maurice Kearney himself.

"I will now conclude with a resolution," said M'Gloin, who, having filled the measure of allegation, proceeded to the application. "I shall move that it is the sentiment of this meeting that Lord Kilgobbin be called on to disavow, in the newspapers, the whole narrative which has been circulated of the attack on his house; that he declare openly that the supposed incident was a mistake caused by the timorous fears of his household, during his own absence from home—terrors aggravated by the unwarrantable anxiety of an English visitor, whose ignorance of Ireland had worked upon an excited imagination; and that a copy of the resolution be presented to his lordship, either in letter or by a deputation, as the meeting shall decide."

While the discussion was proceeding as to the mode in which this bold resolution should be most becomingly brought under Lord Kilgobbin's notice, a messenger on horseback arrived with a letter for Mr. M'Gloin. The bearer was in the Kilgobbin livery, and a massive seal, with the noble lord's arms, attested the dispatch to be from himself.

"Shall I put the resolution to the vote, or read this letter first, gentlemen?" said the chairman.

"Read! read!" was the cry, and he broke the seal. It ran thus:

"MR. M'GLOIN,—Will you please to inform the members of the 'Goat Club' at Moate that I retire from the presidency, and cease to be a member of that society? I was vain enough to believe at one time that the humanizing element of even one gentleman in the vulgar circle of a little obscure town might have elevated the tone of manners and the spirit of social intercourse. I have lived to discover my great mistake, and that the leadership of a man like yourself is far more likely to suit the instincts and chime in with the sentiments of such a body.

"Your obedient and faithful servant,
"KILGOBBIN."

The cry which followed the reading of this document can only be described as a howl. It was like the enraged roar of wild animals, rather than the union of human voices; and it was not till after a considerable interval that M'Gloin could obtain a hearing. He spoke with great vigor and fluency. He denounced the letter as an outrage which should be proclaimed from one end of Europe to the other; that it was not their town, or their club, or themselves had been insulted, but Ireland! that this mock lord—(cheers)—this sham viscount—(greater cheers)—this Brummagem peer, whose nobility their native courtesy and natural urbanity had so long deigned to accept as real, should now be taught that his pretensions only existed on sufferance, and had no claim beyond the polite condescension of men whom it was no stretch of imagination to call the equals of Maurice Kearney. The cries that received this were almost deafening, and lasted for some minutes.

"Send the ould humbug his picture there," cried a voice from the crowd, and the sentiment was backed by a roar of voices; and it was at once decreed the portrait should accompany the letter which the indignant "Goats" now commissioned their chairman to compose.

That same evening saw the gold-framed picture on its way to Kilgobbin Castle, with an ample-looking document, whose contents we have no curiosity to transcribe—nor, indeed, is the whole incident one which we should have cared to obtrude upon our readers save as a feeble illustration of the way in which the smaller rills of public opinion swell the great streams of life, and how the little events of existence serve now as impulses, now obstacles, to the larger interests that sway fortune. So long as Maurice Kearney drank his punch at the "Blue Goat" he was a patriot and a nationalist; but when he quarreled with his flock he renounced his Irishry, and came out a Whig.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR PLEASURE!

When Dick Kearney waited on Cecil Walpole at his quarters in the Castle he was somewhat surprised to find that gentleman more reserved in manner, and in general more distant, than when he had seen him as his father's guest.

Though he extended two fingers of his hand on entering, and begged him to be seated, Walpole did not take a chair himself, but stood with his back to the fire—the showy skirts of a very gorgeous dressing-gown displayed over his arms—where he looked like some enormous bird exulting in the full effulgence of his bright plumage.

"You got my note, Mr. Kearney?" began he, almost before the other had sat down, with the air of a man whose time was too precious for mere politeness.

"It is the reason of my present visit," said Dick, dryly.

"Just so. His Excellency instructed me to ascertain in what shape most acceptable to your family he might show the sense entertained by the government of that gallant defense of Kilgobbin; and believing that the best way to meet a man's wishes is, first of all, to learn what the wishes are, I wrote you the few lines of yesterday."

"I suspect there must be a mistake somewhere," began Kearney, with difficulty. "At least, I intimated to Atlee the shape in which the Viceroy's favor would be most agreeable to us, and I came here prepared to find you equally informed on the matter."

"Ah, indeed! I know nothing—positively nothing. Atlee telegraphed me, 'See Kearney, and hear what he has to say. I write by post. ATLEE.' There's the whole of it."

"And the letter—"

"The letter is there. It came by the late mail, and I have not opened it."

"Would it not be better to glance over it now?" said Dick, mildly.

"Not if you can give me the substance by word of mouth. Time, they tell us, is money, and as I have got very little of either, I am obliged to be parsimonious. What is it you want? I mean the sort of thing we could help you to obtain. I see," said he, smiling, "you had rather I should read Atlee's letter. Well, here goes." He broke the envelope, and began:

"'MY DEAR MR. WALPOLE,—I hoped by this time to have had a report to make you of what I had done, heard, seen, and imagined since my arrival, and yet here I am now toward the close of my second week, and I have nothing to tell; and beyond a sort of confused sense of being immensely delighted with my mode of life, I am totally unconscious of the flight of time.

"'His Excellency received me once for ten minutes, and later on, after some days, for half an hour: for he is confined to bed with gout, and forbidden by his doctor all mental labor. He was kind and courteous to a degree, hoped I should endeavor to make myself at home—giving orders at the same time that my dinner should be served at my own hour, and the stables placed at my disposal for riding or driving. For occupation, he suggested I should see what the newspapers were saying, and make a note or two if any thing struck me as remarkable.

"'Lady Maude is charming—and I use the epithet in all the significance of its sorcery. She conveys to me each morning his Excellency's instructions for my day's work; and it is only by a mighty effort I can tear myself from the magic thrill of her voice and the captivation of her manner to follow what I have to reply to, investigate, and remark on.

"'I meet her each day at luncheon, and she says she will join me "some day at dinner." When that glorious occasion arrives, I shall call it the event of my life, for her mere presence stimulates me to such effort in conversation that I feel in the very lassitude afterward what a strain my faculties have undergone.'

"What an insufferable coxcomb, and an idiot, to boot!" cried Walpole. "I could not do him a more spiteful turn than to tell my cousin of her conquest. There is another page, I see, of the same sort. But here you are—this is all about you: I'll read it. '*In re* Kearney. The Irish are always logical; and as Miss Kearney once shot some of her countrymen when on a mission they deemed national, her brother opines that he ought to represent the principles thus involved in Parliament.'"

"Is this the way in which he states my claims?" broke in Dick, with ill-suppressed passion.

"Bear in mind, Mr. Kearney, this jest—and a very poor one it is—was meant for me alone. The communication is essentially private, and it is only through my indiscretion you know any thing of it whatever."

"I am not aware that any confidence should entitle him to write such an impertinence."

"In that case, I shall read no more," said Walpole, as he slowly refolded the letter. "The fault is all on my side, Mr. Kearney," he continued; "but I own I thought you knew your friend so thoroughly that extravagance on his part could have neither astonished nor provoked you."

"You are perfectly right, Mr. Walpole. I apologize for my impatience. It was, perhaps, in hearing his words read aloud by another that I forgot myself; and if you will kindly continue the reading, I will promise to behave more suitably in future."

Walpole reopened the letter, but, whether indisposed to trust the pledge thus given or to prolong the interview, ran his eyes over one side and then turned to the last page. "I see," said he, "he augurs ill as to your chances of success; he opines that you have not well calculated the great cost of the venture, and that in all probability it has been suggested by some friend of questionable discretion. 'At all events'"—and here he read aloud—"'at all events, his Excellency says, "We should like to mark the Kilgobbin affair by some show of approbation; and although supporting young K. in a contest for his county is a 'higher figure' than we meant to pay, see him, and hear what he has to say of his prospects—what he can do to obtain a seat, and what he will do if he gets one. We need not caution him against"'—hum, hum, hum," muttered he, slurring over the words, and endeavoring to pass on to something else.

"May I ask against what I am supposed to be so secure?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing. A very small impertinence, but which Mr. Atlee found irresistible."

"Pray let me hear it. It shall not irritate me."

"He says, 'There will be no more fear of bribery in your case than of a debauch at Father Mathew's.'"

"He is right there," said Kearney, with great temper. "The only difference is that our forbearance will be founded on something stronger than a pledge."

Walpole looked at the speaker, and was evidently struck by the calm command he had displayed of his passion.

"If we could forget Joe Atlee for a few minutes, Mr. Walpole, we might possibly gain something. I, at least, would be glad to know how far I might count on the government aid in my project."

"Ha, you want to—in fact, you would like that we should give you something like a regular—eh?—that is to say, that you could declare to certain people—naturally enough, I admit; but here is how we are, Kearney. Of course what I say now is literally between ourselves, and strictly confidential."

"I shall so understand it," said the other, gravely.

"Well, now, here it is. The Irish vote, as the Yankees would call it, is of undoubted value to us, but it is confoundedly dear! With Paul Cullen on one side and Fenianism on the other, we have no peace. Time was when you all pulled the one way, and a sop to the Pope pleased you all. Now that will suffice no longer. The 'Sovereign Pontiff dodge' is the surest of all ways to offend the nationals; so that, in reality, what we want in the House is a number of liberal Irishmen who will trust the government to do as much for the Catholic Church as English bigotry will permit, and as much for the Irish peasant as will not endanger the rights of property over the Channel."

"There's a wide field there, certainly," said Dick, smiling.

"Is there not?" cried the other, exultingly. "Not only does it bowl over the Established Church and Protestant ascendency, but it inverts the position of landlord and tenant. To unsettle every thing in Ireland, so that any body might hope to be any thing, or to own Heaven knows what—to legalize gambling for existence to a people who delight in high play, and yet not involve us in a civil war—was a grand policy, Kearney, a very grand policy. Not that I expect a young, ardent spirit like yourself, fresh from college ambitions and high-flown hopes, will take this view."

Dick only smiled and shook his head.

"Just so," resumed Walpole. "I could not expect you to like this programme, and I know